

or 57

THE REVOLUTION;
AN
HISTORICAL PLAY.

Christian (Pl.)

THE

REVOLUTION

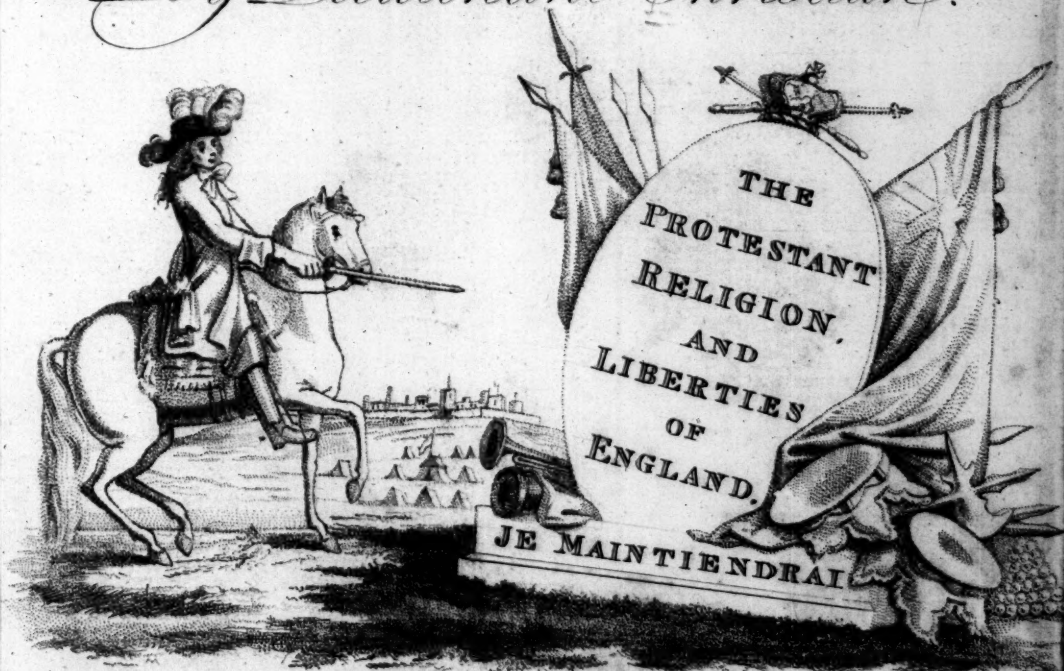
AN

HISTORICAL

PLAY

THE
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By Lieutenant Christian.



Christian inv.

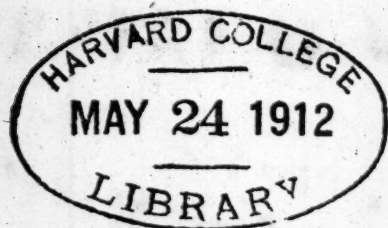
J. T. Smith sculp.

Onimium dilecte Deo, cui militat Aether,
Et conjurati veniunt ad Clafsica Venti.

CLAUDIAN.

LONDON, Published by Hookham & Carpenter Bond Street, 1791.

17476.33



*Gift of
Ernest B. Dane
of Boston*

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
GEORGE,
PRINCE OF WALES.

S I R,

THE REVOLUTION is most humbly and respectfully dedicated to your Royal Highness, from conviction that, if the voice of a nation required your exertions in defence of its liberties, and the Protestant faith, your Royal Highness would pursue the same exalted line of conduct, which reflects such distinguished lustre on the memory of the truly great and patriot prince of Orange.) Although your Royal Highness will probably fill the throne of Great Britain, when such exertions will be unneeded, the glory of preserving our religion, and constitutional rights, may surely vie with that of restoring them.

Whenever it shall please Providence to
seat your Royal Highness on the throne of
your ancestors, that your reign may prove
equally fortunate and happy to yourself
and to your people, is the wish of,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble, and obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

John Christian

P R E F A C E.

AN Attempt to dramatise the glorious Event which secured the Religion, Laws, and Liberties of the British Nation, it is hoped, will meet a favourable Reception with a spirited, generous, and discerning Public.


The bold, yet prudent Conduct of the Prince of Orange; the Patriotism of the Nobility and Gentry, co-operating with the general Sense of the People; the judicious and decisive Measures of the House of Commons; and the manly sentiments of the Troops, who refused to become the Instruments of Tyranny and Oppression, are Circumstances which dignify the Page of History, and diffuse the highest lustre on this Period of the British Annals.

Struck with the Exertions of Wisdom and Virtue which rescued the Nation from impending Ruin, I endeavoured to seize the principal Transactions of that Revolution which restored the National happiness, and to interweave them with such imagined scenes as might exhibit a general Picture of Life, and seem naturally connected with the Subject of the Drama.

The solid and permanent Benefits resulting from that fortunate Alteration of Public Affairs, appeared in so forcible a Light, I overlooked the Difficulties of the Task, and proceeded, as though the Shafts of Criticism had lost their Power.

If I have failed, the Motives which induced me to employ my Pen, will give me a conscious Pleasure, malevolence cannot destroy. And I shall ever be ready with the Public, to bestow unfeigned Applause on the Man who shall succeed more happily in the Management of a Subject, which cannot but be grateful to a British Audience, as long as the love of Freedom, and their Constitutional Rights, hold Possession of their Hearts, and are considered as the most valuable Treasures of the Community.

PROLOGUE.



PROLOGUE.

THIS evening animates anew the stage,
With patriot actions of a former age;
In which our ancestors conspicuous shone,
And gain'd that liberty we boast our own.
'Twas Freedom's drama, heroes play'd their parts,
And dear the enterprize to British hearts.
Hard is the task to trace its progress through;
To exhibit years, in one short night's review;
To trace the advances despotism made;
Then shew them crush'd by Nassau's god-like aid.
Yet, since Time glides thro' soft Illusion's pow'r,
O'er months, or years, in one dramatic hour;
We shall essay our best theatric charm;
Keep Reason cool, Imagination warm:
And we could hope our author's play combin'd,
To touch the passions and exalt the mind.
What theme more grateful, than a country fav'd,
Which pow'r and Romish bigotry enslav'd.
Deeply the poet felt;—who wou'd not feel,
When god-like acts secure a nation's weal?
Who would not wish the soul-informing stage,
Shou'd memorize such scenes from age to age?
Exert each pow'r dramatic art can give.
And bid the glorious REVOLUTION live.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. 1117

JAMES II. *King of Great Britain.*

William, *Prince of Orange, afterwards King William III.*

Lord Jefferies, *Lord Chancellor.*

Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

Bishops of St. Asaph,

Bath and Wells,	} <i>Imprisoned in the Tower with the Arch-bishop of Canter- bury.</i>
Chichester,	
Peterborough,	
Bristol,	

Duke of Grafton.

Marquis of Hallifax.

Earl of Clarendon.

Speaker for the Convention.

Earl of Feversham, *Commander in Chief for King James.*

Colonel Berkley, *an Officer in the King's Army.*

Lords Sunderland,

Powis,

Bellasis,

Godolphin.

} *Privy Councillors to the King.*

Lords Shrewsbury,

Wiltshire,

Mordaunt,

Devonshire,

Abington,

Lovelace,

Dunblain,

} *Lords and Gentlemen, adherents
to the Prince of Orange.*

Admiral Herbert,

Colonel Sidney,

Sir Edward Seymour.

Lord Mayor, and Aldermen.

Sir John Chapman,

} *Appointed to escort the Bishops to the
Tower.*

Colonel Godfrey, *in love with, and beloved by, Lady Agnes.*

Two Gentlemen of the Court.

Trueman,

Worthy.

} *Eminent Citizens.*

Cornufex,

viii **DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

Cornutex, a *Goldsmith.*

Plainwell, his *Neighbour.*

Father Petre, } *Jesuits.*
 Father Saben. }

Thrifty and Peter, his *man.*

Flam, a *Quarter Master.*

Two *Serjeants.*

Two *Countrymen.*

Princess of Orange, afterwards *Queen Mary.*

Princess Ann, } *Daughter of King James, married to the*
 Prince of Denmark.

Ladies of the *Court.*

Lady Agnes, } *A young Roman Catholic Lady, in love with*
 Colonel Godfrey.

Urfula, her *Attendant.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Priests, Mes-
 sengers, &c.

R E M A R K S.

IT will be readily perceived, that the manner in which I have attempted to dramatize the Revolution, is an humble effort to tread the path of our incomparable Poet:

The Bard of Nature ; soul of every age ;
Who bade the Historic Drama fill the stage ;
Plac'd the great scenes of public life in view ;
And British minds, from British actions drew.

If the levity of certain scenes should be deemed inconsistent with the dignity and importance of the great public event, the pleasing remembrance of which I have endeavoured to awaken in the minds of my countrymen ; I may be allowed to remark, that it was conceived necessary to inspire a train of historic facts, and enliven an

a event

event atchieved rather by political wisdom, and the presence of an army, than by martial operations. An event also, which happened at an æra at which discipline had rendered the personal combats of heroic ages improper, and at which, had the contest for the religion and liberties of England been obstinate and sanguinary, the glowing scenes of Poitiers, Cressy, and Azincourt would have been wanting, to nerve description and fire the drama.

Happy was it for the British nation, that, in effecting the Revolution, our fore-fathers were not compelled to sheath numerous swords in the bosoms of each other, and deluge their native fields with native blood !

Of the inferior characters of the drama, I must observe, that to exclude them, would be to exhibit but a partial picture of human life. However we may dispute points of taste, there is no controverting the effect of genuine humour, of which many of the lower scenes of Shakespear are incontestible proofs. Where I have introduced

duced them, it is with that mingled simplicity, archness of thought, and grossness of expression, which are their peculiar characteristics.

By thus blending public affairs with domestic; by portraying different ranks of society, and by rendering the imagined scenes congenial with those furnished by the leading events of History, I have endeavoured to give as wide a display of life, and as faithful a representation of the British Revolution, as the nature of dramatic composition would admit.

I request permission to accompany the preceding analysis, with an observation or two, on the choice of the subject.

Considering it as the event which led to the establishment of the House of Brunswick, it cannot be displeasing to the Royal Family; as the event which preserved the Protestant Religion, and restored the Constitution, it cannot be unacceptable to the public. I therefore conceived it to be
the

the most grateful æra of English History, on which a new drama could be formed, and which would undoubtedly employ the superior genius of our unrivalled Shakespeare, were he existing in the present age of splendour and refinement.

T H E
R E V O L U T I O N .

A C T I.

SCENE. THE PALACE.

**KING JAMES, LORDS POWIS, BELLASIS, AND
CLARENDON, FATHER PETRE.**

King James.

GREAT are th' advances we have made, my lords,
Tow'rds re-establiſhing the faith of Rome.
We think you will approve the ſteps we've ta'en :—
Thro'out our realms we have diſtributed
Wiſe preachers, holy men ; the Jeſuits,
Commiſſion'd to inſtruct thoſe erring minds
Which, like ill-tended ſheep, have gone aſtray,
And wander'd heedleſs from their proper fold.
And if example, more than precept, move,
Example is pre-eminent in us.
Moreover, we have lately ſent to Rome
Our well-beloved earl of Caſtlemain,
T'intreat the pope will graciously accept
Our faith renew'd, and duty to his ſee.

B

Thus

Thus have we manifested equal care
 In spiritual and temporal concerns ;
 And shewn our subjects we extend our thoughts
 Beyond this narrow span of human life,
 And are at once their pastor and their king.

Lord Powis.

Those monarchs who have labour'd to promote
 The short-liv'd happiness attainable
 In this mere worldly breathing space of time,
 Have justly claim'd their people's gratitude ;
 But you, my liege, have far surpass'd all thanks,
 By thus o'erleaping the dread gulph between
 The momentry now, and long hereafter.
 By thus extending your paternal thoughts
 To that eternal life, which follows death.
 Exalted must that sov'reignty appear
 Which, while it governs happily on earth,
 Leads by a fix'd unerring path to Heav'n.
 Expression sinks beneath our grateful thoughts,
 When we would speak our loyalty and thanks
 For these your majesty's most gracious acts.

Lord Bellasis.

Your zeal, my liege, hath animated mine.—
 Altho' you've with Colossian strides advanc'd,
 I've closely follow'd all your vigorous steps.
 My tenants are instructed as you wish ;
 And influence and authority have sped
 Among my best and chief dependancies.
 If thus our spiritual husbandry prevail,
 The seeds of faith will plenteously be sown.

King

King James.

Your conduct and ideas please us well.
 Our realms must surely yield abundant crops,
 If we conjointly teem the fruitful soil.
 But let us, if we would complete this change,
 Think nothing done, while ought remains to do.
 We've yet t'encounter many a stubborn mind,
 Which, with unsound religious tenets blend
 State heresy, and dare to disavow
 The power unlimited that Heav'n bestows;
 The right divine, which centres in a king.
 These would destroy that fundamental truth,
 Which, deems it criminal to counteract,
 Or ev'n dispute the sov'reign will of him
 Who is the Lord's anointed upon earth.
 The laws, we do consider as our own:
 Power rightly dwells in us, to alter them,
 As circumstances warrant, judgment guides.
 'Tis doubtful whether majesty requires
 The aid of parliament, in state affairs;
 Since needful counsel always may be had,
 And pow'r of action centers in ourself.

Earl of Clarendon.

Give me your patience, gracious sov'reign,
 While I a few politic truths relate,
 Which, tho' unwelcome, yet should reach your ear.
 I wou'd the charms of eloquence were mine,
 And yet I fear there is no power in words,
 To harmonize those soul-displeasing thoughts,
 Which bear against the stream of your intents.

THE REVOLUTION.

Reason forbids us to believe, my liege,
That right divine, to majesty belongs ;
Since governments are human compacts all,
Framed for the benefit of social life,
And take that form, which best fulfils their end.
Hence, some are kingdoms ; others, common-wealths.
Our oaths, my liege, and oaths are sacred things,
Make us your subjects ; you, our lawful king ;
Bind us t' obey, and you to guard these laws,
Collected wisdom, and experience frame.
Such is the mutual tie, 'twixt you and us,
Which shou'd be held inviolate by both,
If you this sacred tie asunder rend
What obligation binds us to obey ?—
Pardon the bluntness of these truths, my liege,
Enforced by the pressure of the times.
Your sentiments and acts, all, all declare
You set our laws and liberties at nought,
And sacrifice our faith to that of Rome.
Thus, on my bended knee, I do intreat
Your majesty will cease these rash attempts,
Replete with danger, to yourself and state.

King James.

Away, my lord ! this is too much to hear.
Know, sov'reignty may not endure affronts
So gross. Ev'n in the face of majesty
To broach such treason, you astonish us !
Avoid the court.

Earl of Clarendon.

If treason lodg'd within this breast, my liege,

This

THE REVOLUTION.

3

This hand shou'd stab the traitor to the heart.
I knew displeasure wou'd await my speech ;
But at this awful crisis of your fate,
Silence had been a mental cowardice,
And filken flattery the basest crime.
I hasten from th' prefence, royal sir ;
Each moment here increaseth my offence. [Exit,

King James.

Now, by the sacred majesty of Him
Who gives the sceptre to a monarch's hand,
Rank treason hath infected this man's mind.
But let him take discretion for his guide.
Knows he not th' enkindled wrath of kings
Bursts like the lightning from an angry cloud,
And flies as swift, as dreadful, and as fierce
As those destructive fiery-forked shafts,
Which cleave the oak, rend steeples to their base,
And wrap the piny forests in a blaze ?
Knows he not this, and will he brave the storm ?
Let him beware it falls not on his head.
For you, my worthy lords, accept our thanks—
Our kindest wishes go with your intents.
We wou'd confer awhile with this learn'd man,
Our spiritual adviser, and true friend.

Lord Powis.

May our chief business prosper as you wish ;
Neglect shall not be found with us, my liege.
[Exeunt Lords,

Manent

Manent KING JAMES and FATHER PETRE.

King James.

Most pious father, and our souls' best guide,
 To whom we can unbofom all our cares ;
 Know, that we are determin'd to exert
 The utmost pow'r which Heav'n bestows on kings,
 To crush the herefy which yet prevails.
 So firmly are we grounded in our faith,
 That we could be content to hold our crown
 Of Heaven's sacred delegate, the pope.
 We've large example to our subjects given,
 And surely they may follow, when we lead.
 But, shou'd they not, their blood be on their heads.
 Perish their bodies, rather than their souls,
 T'were tender harshness, kind severity,
 To give those bodies to consuming fire,
 To save their souls from everlasting flames.

Father Petre.

Of all those kings, who keep our holy faith,
 Rome certainly will honour you the first.
 When this short scene of earthly care is o'er,
 Your name will be enroll'd among her saints,
 The best reward for virtues like your own.

King James.

Reward beyond our hopes, tho' not our wish,
 To gain that bright pre-eminence o'er kings,
 We'd bind our royal body to the stake,
 And gladly suffer martyrdom ourself,

We

We shou'd prefer this hour, tho' t'were our last,
Were but our people convertites to Rome,
To lengthen'd years on years of peaceful sway,
While damning heresy infects their souls.

Father Petre.

A resolution worthy of yourself;
And Heav'n, by me, hath promis'd your reward.
Proceed but with the spirit you've begun,
And our most holy faith shall shortly stand,
Firm as your isle, amid surrounding waves.
Fill your high councils with our warmest friends;
O'er all the great departments of the state,
Let none but zealous catholics preside;
Let them direct the laws; the laws are your's.
Where'er they govern, you are more than king;
Their doctrines from the pulpit preach your will.
Plant them in colleges; you rule the learn'd.
And ev'n in schools, they teach the infant tongue
To list the unbounded pow'r and right of kings.
Thus shall you form one mind throughout the state,
In all things pliant to your sov'reign will.
Amid the extensive garden of the land.
As ever happens in a various soil,
Rank weeds will grow, and thorny brambles spring;
But those we can uproot, and these consume.

King James.

You council well. Each step which you have nam'd,
We've either ta'en, or shall in future take.
No heretic shall henceforth be employ'd
In aught of moment that concerns our state.

No heretic shall henceforth hoist our flag,
 Or head our forces in the martial field.
 And lest Heav'n's wrath should turn against our arms,
 For heresy and late revolts from Rome,
 We shall our royal standard thither send,
 And crave its consecration of the Pope.
 'Twill be a sacred pledge of faith reviv'd,
 And firm reliance on his holy powers.

Father Petre.

So shall you fight the battles of the Lord;
 And whether you bid slaughter stain the field,
 Or roll your thunder o'er the affrighted waves,
 Success and glory shall attend your arms.
 Our sacred order, foremost of your friends,
 Already honours and rewards your zeal.
 Our reverend provincial hath inscrib'd
 Your name among the chosen sons of Christ.
 You are in our society enroll'd.

King James.

O holy father teach me to express
 My thanks for this high mark of his esteem.
 The humblest of the order shall I rest,
 And study to repay its valued gift,
 By making its prosperity my own.
 Invite our breth'ren, hither let them come;
 Such honours as a king can give, be theirs.
 They shall in our most secret councils mix;
 Teach us to rule on earth, and merit heav'n.

Father Petre.

If planted here, like kindly bearing trees,

I

Which

THE REVOLUTION.

Which ask due nourishment to feed their roots,
But greatly over-pay that cost in fruit,
The Jesuits will be rich in labours found,
Ripe and redundant in their several works ;
Self undertaken for your royal good.
Of this hereafter. What the present asks,
Is, that your majesty be pleased to grant
An audience to the nuncio of the pope,
Who is prepar'd to wait on you in form,
With such attendance as befits his rank.

King James.

With honours, royal visitors might claim,
We will receive the reverend son of Rome,
That all the world may see how dear we hold
The members of the only true religion upon earth.

Enter a Gentleman.

His grace the arch-bishop of Canterbury,
With certain other bishops, are arrived,
And crave an audience of your majesty.

King James.

Ha! What can this mean? Sudden their coming,
And its cause unknown. Conduct them hither.

[*Gentleman goes out, and ushers in the arch-bishop of Canterbury, and the bishops of St. Asaph, Bath and Wells, Ely, Chichester, Peterborough, and Bristol.*]

Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

Be pleas'd, most gracious sov'reign, to peruse
This humble scroll, which conscience bade us frame,

C

And

And duty to the established church present.
It speaks our general sentiments, my liege,
And will, I hope, find favour in your sight.

[Gives a petition.]

[The king reads, and frowns.]

King James.

Ha! can I trust my sight? It cannot be!
The church of England cannot use me thus!
My lord of Canterbury, you know our mind,
And should not such seditious libels frame.
We are astonish'd that you brought this hither.
Our royal orders shall be all obey'd.—
You may retire.

[Throws down the petition.]

Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

What prudence, honour, conscience, have requir'd,
And duty prompted t'wards yourself, my liege,
Towards the church of England, and the state,
We've strictly and religiously perform'd;
And now resign us to the will of God.
We humbly take our leaves.

[Exeunt bishops.]

King James.

Dearly shall ye repent this step, my lords.
By Heaven, they here intreat me to excuse
Their public reading of our good intents
Towards our true and faithful catholics.
I shall insist the parliament repeals
The odious test, which robs them of their rights,
And me of the best servants of my crown.
We shall, besides, crush ev'ry other scheme,

The

The malice of the Protestants contriv'd,
 To render them mere cyphers in the state.
 Their shackles shall for honours be exchange'd,
 And these insulting hereticks disgrac'd.

[*Exeunt King James, and Father Petre.*]

SCENE. THE STREET.

Thrifty, and Peter, his man.

Thrifty.

Look you, Peter ; Father Dominick says you have been guilty of four of the seven deadly sins ; and if you don't speedily renounce your own salvation, you will be broiled on the devil's grid-iron, and will be carbonadoed worse than St. Laurence.

Peter.

Master, I ben't affeard of Fearther—what d'ye call um. I'cod if he don't look sharp, he may be roasted himself. For my part, I defy the devil and all his works, and the pope, and Guy Fawkes into the bargain.

Thrifty.

Why, Peter, this is downright scandalous magnanibus ; absolute reformation. I wou'dn't have this cum to Father

Dominick's ears for all the cloaths in my shop. You'd be athemiz'd from the crown of the head to the sole of your foot ; prick'd as full of approbations as a pin-cushion ; ay, stuck more fuller of curses than the man i' th' almanack with arrows, so that you wou'dn't have a free joint about you. Mercy on you, Peter, a dozen or two of 'em wou'd make your hair stand up like porcupines' quills.

Peter.

As for that matter, my tongue is no scandal ; and to my thinking, cursing don't becom a parson. But if so be as how he be such a dab at it, I'll set Billingsgate Nan against him, and if she don't give him as good as he brings, there is no relish in oysters.

Thrifty.

I never heard such flagritious caparisons. Do you think, Peter, the friar wou'd undervalue himself so far as to enter into any sort of argumentation with such a dirty scold ?

Peter.

Mehap he might, and mehap not. But howsomever, I'll take special care he shall never make a Papish of me. I suppose the next thing he wou'd want of me, wou'd be to eat frogs, and wear wooden shoes ; and if it once came to that, I shou'dn't think myself a bit better than a Frenchman.

Thrifty.

Thrifty.

Come, come, Peter, be an honest lad, and let me put you in the right way. I tell you as how, the Catholic religion is the only religion upon the face of the yearth, for a thriving pains-taking man. Why, I took neighbour Simple in t'other day for twice as much as he bargain'd for; and when I told Father Dominick the story, he gave me absolution directly; then my conscience was as clean as a sucking babe's; and as it cost me only half what I fobb'd neighbour Simple of, I had all the rest in my pocket clear gains, man, and the sin wiped out into the bargain! Don't be a fool, Peter; I tell you the Roman Catholic religion is the only one for an honest man, who wou'd clear his conscience, and rub off as he goes.

Peter.

Ah, master, I see the friar ha put a new conscience into you; and I suppose as how he ha put another into my mistress, for she seems waundy fond of him.

Thrifty.

Sirrah, firrah, let your mistress's conscience alone. Father Dominick have got it in keeping; I dares to say he knows what to do with it. I find I must take another time to revert you. In the mean time, Peter, remember my advice. [Exit.

Manet Peter.

Revert me! no, no; he has reverted the family with a witness.—

witnefs.—There goes my mafter, who was once as honeft a man as any in the parifh, but now he don't care who he cheats, becaufe, forfooth, he can get abfolution ; and then he fays, there is no fin in it. As for my miftrefs's confcience, that ha been in a thriving way a long time. Lord, Lord, if I were to tell mafter the bottom of it, he wou'd go horn mad, and do more mifchief than an over-drove ox in Smithfield-market. [Exit.

SCENE. THE TOWER.

Guards drawn up on each fide of the entrance ; people on the ftage ; a cry is heard of—make way !

[*Sir John Chapman enters with the arch-bifhop of Canterbury, bifhops of St. Afaph, Bath and Wells, Ely, Chichefter, Peterborough, and Brijtol, efcor ted by a party of foldiers, and attended by the fheriff, conftables, &c.*]

Sir John Chapman.

I do befeech your graces, pardon me.
Set me not down unkindly in your thoughts,
For an unwelcome office thus far done.
My orders are to lodge you in thofe walls ;
Which I, defpite of grief, muft execute.

Arch-bifhop of Canterbury.

Your kind attention fmooths a harfh command,
And your humanity deferves our thanks.
We know your worthinefs, my good Sir John,
And wifh it were more worthily employ'd.

No

No ranc'rous hatred do our bosoms feel
Ev'n against those who've wrested law and truth
From their just purposes to sate revenge,
And stain our robes of innocence with guilt.
We're not the first, nor shall we be the last,
Whom power, too oft at variance with right,
Immures within a prison's flinty ribs,
Hard and unfeeling as a tyrant's heart.
In those rough walls ambition and revenge,
With murder, bloodiest fiend that walks the earth,
Full many a ruthless tragedy have play'd.
There, a fell dagger stabb'd a royal breast,
And drain'd it of its purple tide of life.
Two princely infants of angelick form,
Twin'd in each others arms, and sunk in sleep,
Were there, by horrid ruffians, press'd to death.
But these were hardy, undisguis'd crimes.
Far oft'ner in the seeming garb of truth
Hath murder mark'd his victims for the grave,
Enwrapp'd himself in specious forms of law,
And with the sword of justice struck the blow.
Oft hath the ax cut down the wither'd trunk,
Which time had of its branching honours bar'd,
And wou'd have fell'd without the weapon's aid
Oft when suspense hath watch'd the tardy year
That seem'd to linger in the rear of time,
Another flower, and another yet,
Have added grief to grief, and woe to woe,
Stretching the mind on Expectation's rack,
Till slumbering Cruelty at length awoke,
With fatal freedom mock'd the sufferer's hopes,
And ended both captivity and life.

What

What may befall us in yon gloomy walls
 Disturbs not the even tenour of our thoughts,
 The keen all-seeing eye of God beholds
 Our loyalty, our innocence, and truth.
 In him alone we firmly put our trust,
 And dread not feeble mortals like ourselves.
 The worst we know, and knowing, do not fear?
 For what is death, but entrance into life
 Immortal, glorious and unfading life.
 Then, what should wisdom and religion dread!—
 Lead onwards to our prison, good Sir John,
 And tell his majesty, even there our pray'rs
 Shall hourly be offer'd up to Heav'n,
 That truth and justice may direct his steps,
 And make his reign a blessing to these realms,
 Till fate shall call him to the realms above.
 Lead on—

[*The bishops enter the Tower, between two ranks of guards, who kneel and take off their hats. The people also remain uncovered as they pass.*]

SCENE. THE STREET.

People pass over as returning from the Tower.

Trueman and Worthy.

Trueman.

O friend and fellow-citizen! my griefs
 Arise so swiftly from an o'er full heart,
 That in the struggle which shall first escape,
 I scarce have power of utterance in my lips.

Wou'd

Wou'd I had dy'd 'ere met a scene like this,
Which melts all hearts, and overflows all eyes.
Doth it not painful memory awake
Of our unhappy brothers' mournful fate,
Who in an unsuspecting hour was seiz'd,
To prison dragg'd, with treason falsely charg'd,
And most illegally condemn'd to die
The death our meanest criminals endure?
Protection none our bias'd laws afford;
Justice and mercy quit the judgment seat
To foul revenge and arbitrary power.
O fellow-citizen! a name most dear,
Tho' unavailing, that distinction now,
Since all our glorious rights are swept away,
Our privileges gone, our charters seiz'd,
And we become mere shadows of ourselves.
Were we to scan the future by the past,
All comfortless the future would appear;
What doth the present offer to our view,
But a black, heavy, and impending storm,
Ready to burst on our defenceless heads?
What shield have we against the unjust pow'r
Which hath impeach'd these rev'rend holy men,
The first and wisest both in church and state;
Whose guilt is innocence, whose fault is truth,
And crime, a just adherence to that faith,
Which Popery and despotism wou'd o'erthrow.
Well may we grieve, who have such cause of grief.

Worthy.

Too many causes have you nam'd of grief;
But for this low'ring storm, you seem to dread,

D

Believe

Believe it threatens more our foes than us.
 Their malice, like an o'ercharg'd gun when fir'd,
 Will forcibly recoil upon themselves;
 And their vile jesuit schemes to ruin us,
 Will pull destruction on their own affairs.
 Come, brother Trueman, dine with me to day;
 I have some comfort for you yet in store;
 Some secret tidings have I to impart,
 From Holland late receiv'd, that promise well.
 If my intelligence deceive me not,
 From that horizon will a sun arise,
 Whose beams shall soon disperse these low'ring clouds,
 And shine, with glorious lustre on our isle. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. WINDSOR.

Two Gentlemen meeting.

First Gentleman.

Harry Courwell! This rencontre is unexpected.

Second Gentleman.

No less so, I believe, than its cause, if I conjecture right: the magnet novelty, has attracted us both.

First Gentleman.

It has. Curiosity as readily flies to the magnet you speak of, as the needle to the loadstone. But, in the name of wonder, who could expect to behold a train of monks, with the pope's nuncio at their head, marching in the face of the public towards the palace gates?

Second

Second Gentleman.

I should as soon have expected a procession of dæmons. But they boast of parading shortly thro' the city in the habits of their orders ; what think you of that ?

First Gentleman.

That his majesty had better conduct them at once to the parliament-house, and there receive his crown from the pope's legate. It wou'd give the finishing stroke to our admiration, and to his folly.

Second Gentleman.

Pray, who is master of the ceremonies on this occasion,

First Gentleman.

The duke of Grafton. But were his grace to escort the lord mayor and aldermen, with a petition for the restoration of their city charter, if they did gain admission to the presence, I'll engage they would not retire, without doing penance for their presumption.

Second Gentleman.

Was not the duke of Somerset order'd to attend this nuncio, and his monkish followers ?

First Gentleman.

He was. But as the law deems it treasonable, his grace desir'd to be excus'd ; for which he is both unhorfed and unofficed. He is deprived of his regiment of dragoons, and dismiss'd from the bed-chamber. But you perceive

there are consciences of a more pliable nature ; and should any scruple arise, it is but turning Catholic, and absolution removes them at once ! Who can sufficiently admire the virtues of a ceremony, which disburthens a man of a load of iniquity that wou'd sink a navy,

Second Gentleman.

Apropos, did not his majesty lately order mafs to be celebrated on board his fleet ?

First Gentleman,

It was attempted ; but the honest tars swore their own chaplain always navigated their consciences like a good seaman ; as for the popish clergy, they did not understand their lingo, and believed they only wanted to take charge of the helm, to steer them into the wrong port. So great was their aversion to these agents of popery, that had not admiral Strickland interpos'd, the sailors wou'd have thrown them overboard. But here comes the procession. Let us plant ourselves where we can best observe it.

[They approach the front of the stage.

[The pope's nuncio enters, preceded by a cross-bearer, and followed by a train of monks in the habits of their respective orders. During the procession, the gentlemen continue their remarks.]

First Gentleman.

Observe that walking tun of religion : he has been procurator of some convent, and is come over to stuff his tremendous paunch with English beef and pudding. What a pitiful figure would a sirloin make, after he had given it his last benediction.

Second

Second Gentleman.

He seems follow'd by one, whom penance, and a hair shirt, have reduced below the possibility of sinning.

First Gentleman.

O, it is sound policy to keep a few in a state of mortification; it supports the credit of the order, and furnishes superfluities for the rest. Beside, yon emaciated son of superstition is a perfect memento mori, a living lesson of death. Who can behold such a moving skeleton, and not think of his latter end?

Second Gentleman.

This is religion in masquerade. What a variety of fantastic habits does this procession exhibit! What strange disguises, fraud and superstition contrive to blind the eyes of devotion.

First Gentleman.

Ay, and the eyes of majesty too. We shall now be visited by more plagues than the Egyptians were, and like them, for the obstinacy of the sov'reign.

[Here the procession finishes.]

Second Gentleman.

The procession closes; let us retire, unless you are inclined to follow this Catholic embassy to the presence.

First Gentleman.

Follow yon legion of hypocrisy! ay, to purgatory, if it existed, and shut them in, till they repented of their knavery.

knavery. But be assured I shall never voluntarily enter the apartments of a monarch, who prefers the adulations of his greatest enemies, to the affections of a people who would sacrifice their lives and fortunes to support his dignity, and the glory and independence of the British nation,

A C T II.

SCENE. AN APARTMENT AT LORD
SHREWSBURY'S.

*Lord Shrewsbury, Lord Mordaunt, Lord Wiltshire, and
Colonel Sidney.*

Lord Shrewsbury.

'TIS not a few set phrases conn'd by rote,
Vain declamations, frothy modes of speech,
Or merely railing at degenerate times,
That can the torrent of corruption stem,
Or save a sinking nation from its fate.
Far be such seeming patriotisms from us.
Let active valour second prudent plans,
And all our steps be worthy of the cause
In which the best and greatest minds embark.
A brighter cause than ours ne'er warm'd the heart;
A juster never edg'd a patriot's sword.
A cause like ours wou'd rouse the tameest soul,
Renew the fire of youth in hoary age,
And send the unfledg'd stripling to the field.
It is for England's liberty we arm!
To rescue her from bondage worse than death,
And rid her of those tyrants o'er the mind,
Who sink a free-born people into slaves.

Lord

Lord Mordaunt.

We shall, 'tis hop'd, conduct ourselves like men
 Who wear the cause of freedom on their swords.
 We're not those restless and unquiet minds,
 Which, inly vex'd, wou'd vex a nation's peace,
 And bid wild uproar and confusion reign.
 Oppression has already been let loose,
 And preys at large upon the harass'd state.
 This, to chastise, becomes a noble foul,
 And is the glorious aim of our intents.
 Time ripens fast our enterprize,
 And calls us to the Hague. There must we ask
 The prince of Orange, and the United States,
 In England's name, to arm for our defence.
 This solemn national request preferr'd,
 The prince will instantly embark the force
 Which Holland hath assembled for our aid.

Lord Wiltshire.

To free us from the tyranny of him
 Who hath trampled on our liberties and laws,
 And labours to revive the Romish faith,
 Whose persecuting spirit once destroy'd
 Our best, our wisest, and our bravest men,
 And, if invested with its former power,
 Again would shew the same vindictive rage.
 The hour of our departure is at hand,
 And prudence bids us each take separate ways,
 Left keen suspicion, watchful as a lynx,
 Should guess at our intents, and sound the alarm.

Lord

Lord Shrewsbury.

Two of our worthy friends will meet us here.
That conference o'er, we'll chuse our several routs,
And to the Hague, with all convenient speed.

Colonel Sidney.

Not idly will the interval be spent
In fuming up the wise politic steps,
The great and patriot prince of Orange,
Form'd to conduct an enterprize like ours,
Took, with consent and aidance of the States.
He encamp'd an army first, near Nimeguen,
Employ'd, as was suppos'd, in the dispute
Concerning an arch-bishop of Cologne.
The persons chosen to conduct the affair,
Gave private orders to prepare a fleet.
His highness next a secret conference held
At Minden, to secure the United States
Against the attacks of France, the while himself
Should in our English expedition be engag'd.
With such discretion was the whole perform'd,
That neither the French minister, nor ours,
Could fathom the intention of the States.
And left the fleet, so vast a plan requires,
Shou'd give the alarm, the transports, freighted all
On various pretexts, at different ports,
And when the chosen hour arrives, will take on board
Full fourteen thousand well appointed troops.
The final rendezvous will be Goree;
Where, reinforc'd by fifty men of war,
The armament will hasten to this isle.

E

Such

Such is the vast and well digested plan
 Our truly great and princely general form'd.
 May we not prophecy success, my lords,
 When valour, arm'd by wisdom, brings relief?

Enter a servant to Lord Shrewsbury.

Servant.

Two gentlemen who drove up to the gate,
 Desir'd me to present this note, my lord.

Lord Shrewsbury reads.

Conduct them hither. *[Exit servant.]*
 'Tis admiral Herbert and my lord Dunblain,
 Thus introduc'd. My servants know them not;
 For secrecy was never more requir'd than now.

Enter admiral Herbert and lord Dunblain.

Admiral Herbert.

Our coming, is the signal to depart, my lords;
 The friends we leave, like those we go to meet,
 Are hourly gaining strength, and lift their hopes
 Like men who have their voyage nearly done,
 And joyously behold their port at hand.
 I cross the channel with my lord Dunblain,
 Who, like a bird, is ever on the wing,
 And traverses the sea with such dispatch,
 The letter-bearing dove scarce cleaves the air
 With swifter sail, than his fleet ship the waves,
 Freight'd with needful interchange of thoughts.

Lord

Lord Dunblain.

Dispatch and secrecy my task requires,
And, like the dolphin, wou'd I dart along,
Or reach my harbour with an arrow's speed,
So loth am I to be outrun by time,
When I have ought of moment to convey,
In which my country's welfare is concern'd.

[To Lord Shrewsbury.]

You mean to honour me with your commands;
I wait but to receive them, my good lord;
The wind is fair, and I shall strait on board.

Lord Shrewsbury.

To your conveyance I intrust the sum
I have procur'd to aid our enterprize.
It is the most my poor estate would yield.
I shall unwillingly a miser seem,
Even when profusion would become a virtue.
The chest you will receive, my lord,
Contains the amount of forty thousand pounds,
Which I intreat his highness to accept.
I have no more to offer but my sword;
And that I draw, whenever he commands,
In the fair cause of Freedom, and our rights.

Lord Dunblain.

This would revive a dying cause, my lord;
Remove all aguish doubts, cold Caution's train;
Pluck fear and trembling from a coward's breast,
And seat high hearted courage in its stead.
Our enterprize, tho' vigorous and firm,

Must feel a soul-enkindling glow thro'out
 From pure and ardent patriotis'm like yours.
 Your orders shall be faithfully obey'd.

Admiral Herbert.

By Heaven, my lord, you have outstripp'd our praise;
 Succeeding ages shall extol this deed,
 And Britain, proud of such distinguish'd worth,
 With pleasure tell the world you were her son.

Lord Shrewsbury.

Do not o'errate this duty, my good friends;
 It is enough I'm one of many sons
 Whom Britain sends forth in a noble cause;—
 The just defence of our most sacred rights.
 Let me behold our liberties restor'd,
 My soul has not another wish to form.
 But come, my friends, we must our several ways;
 Our minutes do outstretch their narrow span,
 And each one seems to grasp an hour's space;
 We would not now be found in Time's arrear.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE. AN APARTMENT.

Lady Agnes, and Colonel Godfrey.

Lady Agnes.

I must not hear of your passion, colonel, unless you resolve to renounce a religion that endangers your eternal happiness.

Colonel

Colonel Godfrey.

Dear lady Agnes, why would you cross a man, who has met ten thousand crosses before he could procure this long expected interview. I came hither, to swear my faith on the altar of love; not to hear myself discarded for heresy. But perhaps you intended to perform a miracle on me, for the conversion of unbelievers. If so, I confess you have succeeded; for there cannot be greater than a man's living in flames, like a salamander, without consuming.

Lady Agnes.

'Tis well you are not scorched by the heat of your own metaphor, colonel. But, were you a Catholic, I should wish your passion as spiritual, as you would have me think it ardent.

Colonel Godfrey.

The most rigid Catholics cannot adore their saints with greater fervency than I do mine. Like them too, I have my favourite one, to whom I offer up my devotions with equal ardour and sincerity. Even to thee, my lovely saint Agnes.

Lady Agnes.

Be serious, colonel. I assure you, during my residence in a convent——

Colonel Godfrey.

A convent! O, name it not! Cast a single glance at our lovely country-women, and ask your heart, if Heaven
sent

sent us this profusion of beauty, to be immured within the walls of a nunnery. Besides, your faith would completely undermine our English liberty ; for, if religious imprisonments once became fashionable, we should have all our beaux and pretty fellows shave their crowns, to qualify themselves for admission to the fair sisterhood.

Lady Agnes.

I perceive you are determined to indulge your raillery, therefore, pray go on, colonel.

Colonel Godfrey.

The theme is inexhaustible, my dear lady Agnes. What a delicious article of bon-ton intelligence would this be for a newspaper. We hear the late gay and fashionable Sir Harry Rover, now Father Francis, had a private conference at the convent of St. Claire, with the beautiful miss Manlove, now sister Constance, at which the new-elected nun, receiv'd much internal comfort from the peculiar arduency with which the good young father enforced his precepts, who did not retire 'till he had given reiterated proofs of the power and efficacy of his doctrines. I have nothing to urge against these *tête-à-tête's*, which, if not happily filled up, the parties must blame themselves. But who would forsake a morning's promenade in the park to attend matins, or the delights of a ball to assemble at vespers! and with these, the innumerable *et cetera's* which give a zest to life, and raise us from mere vegetation, to the summit of human felicity.

Lady Agnes.

The subject of our conversation is properly a serious one, colonel, and this levity but ill agrees with it.

Colone

Colonel Godfrey.

Am I to blame, lady Agnes? Is it not you, who have diverted the stream of conversation from its proper channel? Love, love, love, should have been our only theme; and should have known no other pause than this. [*Kisses.*]

Lady Agnes.

Your pauses are dangerous, colonel, and your theme is equally so. For these freedoms I enjoin you penance before we meet again. I shall insist on your entering the lists of argument with my confessor, who, I am persuaded, is able to blunt the edge of your raillery.

Colonel Godfrey.

You had better not hazard it; for the soldier will certainly prove too hard for the monk. I shall raise a battery of common sense against his rampart of sophistry, that will infallibly raze the whole structure to the ground. But leave the friar to his beads, my charming lady Agnes, and hear me vow the tenderest, the most ardent passion.—

Lady Agnes.

You are not insensible of my regard for you, colonel; but I am determined not to hear you on this subject, while you persist in errors fatal to your peace. I wou'd say to my own, [*Exit.*]

Colonel Godfrey.

Lady Agnes, dear, lovely, inexorable lady Agnes. Gone! —Now do I wish the whole tribe of monks, with their trumpery, at the devil. They have positively turned the
girl's

girl's head, and persuaded her to thrust Cupid out of doors for an heretic. What is to be done? Fold my arms in a true-lover's knot, and bewail the cruelty of my dear; find out some murmuring stream, and increase it with my tears; awake the babbling echo with my moans, and fill the air as full of sighs as it can hold. Pretty and plaintive enough; but no whining; a handsome revenge will become me better. O, that I could convert one of these ghostly father's into a pimp; 'twou'd be a delicious satisfaction. I'll away this moment, and attempt it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE CHANGES TO THE STREET.

Enter Colonel Godfrey, as from Lady Agnes.

Now to find up the enemy. Ha! in lucky time; here comes one of the order to save me the trouble of searching. I hope my oratory will succeed; but should it not, thank Heaven, I have some powerful arguments in my pocket. A prosperous omen. As I live, it is the friar who haunts the family of old Cornufex.

Enter Friar.

Colonel Godfrey.

Pray, father, are you acquainted with Mr. Cornufex, the goldsmith?

Friar.

I am confessor both to him and his wife.

Colonel

Colonel Godfrey.

Good. [*Afide.*] He is old and ugly; she young and handsome; he, jealous, plodding, and fretful; she, amorous, lively, and coquettish. Fire and water must agree better than these qualities.

Friar.

Have you any business with me, Sir?

Colonel Godfrey.

Very material business. Your habit bespeaks you devoted to charitable actions, and you have informed me of your spiritual employment in the family of Mr. Cornufex. You are to understand, his wife has a certain ring in her possession, which I am very desirous of purchasing; but as her husband sometimes takes a fancy to wear it himself, he is averse to her disposing of it. Could I, thro' your good offices, obtain a private interview with the lady, I might prevail on her to favour me with a jewel I should be happy to purchase on her own terms.

Friar.

Are you a heretic?

Colonel Godfrey.

I am.

Friar.

Then I cannot assist you. My conscience will not permit me to interest myself for a man who is an alien to our faith.

F

Colonel

Colonel Godfrey.

[*Aside*, I'gad I am afraid my confession was too rash.]
But, my good, pious, reverend father, I—I—I am, as it were, on the brink of conversion, and perhaps a farther acquaintance with you, may complete the work.

[*Draws out his purse, which the friar eyes. Colonel Godfrey chinks it.*]

Friar.

What is this I hear? God forbid, that I should hinder a stray sheep from returning to the fold. Well, son, I shall offer up my prayers to the saints for your conversion.

Colonel Godfrey.

Let it be to the female ones, if you please, father; in the mean time, accept this trifle as an earnest of my repentance.

Friar.

No indeed, son, I am rich in my poverty. The riches of this world are vain and unprofitable things. I regard them not.

[*The colonel prepares to put up his purse, which alarms the friar.*]

But, son, you need not withdraw your bounty; there are charitable uses; and if you chuse to make me your almoner——

Colonel Godfrey, aside.

(O, I understand him; I thought I had baited the hook.)

No

No one so proper ; (*gives the purse,*) there, my good father—and now——

Friar.

And now, son, I am not only willing, but anxious to introduce you to Mrs. Cornufex ; her society may perhaps operate towards your conversion ; I'll answer for your favourable reception ; but you must be secret.

Colonel Godfrey.

As secret as you please ; (*pauses,*) but I will not begin my new faith with deceiving so pious a man as yourself. I confess I am in love with her.

Friar.

Well, well, love her as much as you will ; the more the better ; it is our duty to love each other.

Colonel Godfrey.

But if opportunity presents, and the lady prove as complying as I shall amorous, I cannot answer for the consequences.

Friar.

And why need you ? Do but struggle with your desires as long as you can, that is, I mean, till they are troublesome ; then if they overcome you, you are not culpable ; for you certainly made an effort to overcome them, and that is going far enough. But I'll hasten to the lady, and prepare her for your interview. Don't forget tho' to struggle with your desires. [*Exit.*]

Colonel Godfrey.

God-a mercy, friar ! thou hast a most comfortable method of treating tender consciences. Now, if I could succeed as happily with lady Agnes's spiritual director, I shall write my own commentaries ; and if I do, Cæsar's, will lose half their celebrity. Victory in love, may be as easily celebrated in three words, as victory in war ; I came, saw, and possessed, will be as much to the purpose, as *veni, vidi, vici !* [Exit.

Enter Cornufex.

I think that was our friar I had a glimpse of, confabulating with colonel Godfrey. What business could they have together ? I know he has no more religion in him, than there is in one of his drums. Beside, he hates Popery. I wish he would not come so often to my house ; he looks so abominably impudent at my wife ; you may read in his very countenance—come kiss me ! What a pity 'tis these officers hav'nt gun-powder faces, and then the ladies wou'dn't care a pin for them. I don't much like the friar ; but as he is a favourite of my wife's, I can't do without him. 'Tis true, my head is in no danger from his own attacks ; but he may be an accessory. Then he is as voracious as a cormorant, and drains my purse of fifty times as much as will pay the parish fees. However, I see no remedy. My wife, would have me turn Papist, which, she says, is the only way to be made a great man ; and I know she intends to speak to lord Keepwell's mistress, to desire her to ask my lord, to intreat the earl, to implore the duke, to beseech the king to grant me the honour of knighthood, for renouncing the Christian—I

mean, the Protestant religion, like a good subject as I am, who prefers the king's majesty's pleasure, and the honour of knighthood, as I said before, to ev'ry other consideration. But I must look after my wife and the colonel, or I shall have more marks of distinction conferred on me than I chuse to wear. *[Exit, rubbing his forehead.]*

SCENE. THE PALACE.

King James, Earl of Sunderland, Father Petre, and Father Saben.

Lord Sunderland.

The intelligence I have receiv'd, my liege,
Is by an intercepted letter since confirm'd.
'Tis certain the United States have arm'd,
And that the prince of Orange purposes
To visit England with a pow'rful force.
'Tis said the Protestants invite him hither.

King James.

This is the idle voice of rumour, my good lord ;
Slanders and falsehoods are her chief delight.
Ten thousand lies the babbling fury vents ;
And, if a single truth escape her tongue,
'Tis but to captivate the public ear,
Ensnare credulity, and gain belief.
We give no heed to these absurd alarms ;
But shall proceed, until we have destroy'd
The Protestant religion in our realms,
And on its ruins built the faith of Rome,

The

The only true religion upon earth.
 The heretic arch-bishop and his friends,
 Ere this, find ample reason to repent
 The bold seditious libel which they fram'd;
 From their disgrace, all orders of the state
 Shall learn to dread the danger that attends
 The disobedience of our high commands.
 Dispatches late from Ireland are receiv'd;
 Our orders issued there, are they obey'd?

Lord Sunderland.

With strictest punctuality, my liege.
 The Protestants are from the senate driven.
 If yet a few remain, 'tis but as mutes,
 Aw'd from debate, and silent on their seats.
 Thro'out the kingdom too, they are disarm'd;
 If officers, depriv'd of their commands;
 And ev'n the soldier gives his musket up
 To him who worships with the church of Rome.

King James.

'Tis well. Obedience is the nerve of power,
 The very strength and essence of a king.
 It joys us much when we are thus obey'd,

(To the jesuits.)

Your holy function is requir'd, my friends:
 Heaven hath been pleas'd to bestow on us,
 A prince to inherit England's crown and realms,
 And be the future guardian of our faith.
 'Tis fit he should be solemnly baptiz'd,
 Which ceremony we crave you to perform.

The

The pope, his god-fire stands, whose sacred powers
Long may our offspring zealously support.

Father Petre.

Now, Heaven be prais'd for this unlook'd for gift;
Grateful to us, as the rich dew that fell
On Israel's famish'd sons, and gave them food.
Joy, great as is our own, be yours, my liege;
'Tis a most welcome duty you command.

King James.

We thank you, worthy friends;
You'll hold yourselves in readiness t'attend.
Come, my lord Sunderland, you must with us.

[*Exit King James and Lord Sunderland.*]

Father Petre.

Thrice joyful, happy, fortunate event!
Henceforth, O, Britain! we shall be thy kings:
We'll teach thy sov'reigns first to rule o'er thee;
Then bend them to our soul-subduing powers.
Are we thro'out the globe so famous held,
And shall this little isle of Albion not be ours?
It shall. The infant prince committed to our care,
Instruction shall direct to serve our ends,
And when he governs, it shall be for us.

Father Saben.

Nothing could equal this propitious birth:
It gives new life, new vigour to our hopes,
And fills the heretics with deep dismay.
Some of them now, perhaps, will prove short-liv'd.

Father

Father Petre.

I have noted some of rank about the court,
Who are not well-affected to our cause.
They must be either won, or taken off.
If the first fail, the last is in our power.
'Tis but an accusation well contriv'd,
And we have friends to set the ax at work. [Exeunt.

SCENE. THE STREET.

People cross the stage with flags, on which is written, the Protestant Bishops, the Church of England. A cry is heard of, No Popery—the Church of England for ever!—Down with the Jesuits!

Enter Thrifty, and his man Peter.

Peter.

Ah, master, you see as how their reverences, the bishops, are cum'd off with flying colours, thof the Papishes wanted to make a bon-fire of 'em. I'cod we shall make other gues's bon-fires at night; and if father Dominick don't keep snug, he may chance to be mistaked for a tar-barrel. Howsumdever, if we don't catch him, we shall certainly make free with some of his old acquaintance. We have got plenty brimstone to lard the devil with, and his friend, the pope, shall keep him company.

[Exit Peter, crying, No Popery! Down with the Jesuits!

Thrifty.

Thrifty.

I don't know what to make of this. The chief judge is a terrible bloody minded man, and used to hang folks in such clusters, that Jack Ketch was fain to load the trees with 'em, cause the gallows-maker cou'dn't work fast enough. I wonder how the bishops got off; for we all thought they'd have bin ty'd to the stake and burnt to ashes. Indeed, father Dominick says that wou'd ha bin too good for them. He was for sending them to the Inquisition, which, he says, is just the same thing as sending them to hell, they are so cute at tormenting folks. For my part, I don't like such hard-heartedness; and if this be their way of going on, I wont be a papish any longer. I am glad the bishops, poor souls, have got out of their clutches. I'll e'en go shut up shop, and make holiday with the rest.

[*Exit.*

SCENE. A CAMP ON HOWNSLOW-HEATH.

The earl of Feversham, and Aids-du-camp.

Lord Feversham.

His majesty will visit us to day;
But, for some private reason, has forbade
The line, as usual, should be under arms.
Lord Litchfield's regiment will be review'd;
'Tis time they were inform'd.

Aid-du-camp.

I shall acquaint them instantly, my lord.

[*Exit.*

G

Lord

Lord Feverſham.

How ſtands our numbers? What's our preſent ſtrength?

Aid-du-camp.

Our returns, my lord, ſay fifteen thouſand,
Excluſive of the attendants of the camp.

Lord Feverſham.

'Tis very well; our forces are complete. [*Trumpets.*]
Theſe trumpets ſpeak the arrival of the king.

Enter King James, and attendants.

King James.

Good morrow to our worthy general;
It is our purpoſe to become your gueſt.

Lord Feverſham.

A royal and an honour'd one you are, my liege,
Tho' you've declin'd the royal honours due.
But 'twas your order to be thus receiv'd.

King James.

Forms muſt give place to neceſſary things.
We wiſh to know the temper of our troops:
How far their hearts will teach their arms to ſtrike,
If certain ſervices ſhould be requir'd.
Some other day will ſerve for mere review.

[*Shouting is heard.*]

What loud alarm aſſaults our ears, my lord?
It drowns that ſteady ſober diſcipline

Which

'Which is the greatest virtue of a camp ;—
No common cause hath given this uproar birth.

[*Shout again.*

'Tis louder yet !—enquire what it means.

[*Exit Lord Feverham.*

It is the voice of tumult ; and its din
Bursts the thin air with such impetuous haste,
As if 't'wou'd rend the azure vault of heaven.

[*Lord Feverham returns.*

Lord Feverham.

'Tis but the shout of gladness, royal sir :
Intelligence, it seems, hath reach'd the camp,
The bishops are acquitted of their charge ;
For which the troops proclaim their joy aloud.

King James.

Wou'd they had found some other cause of joy !
But the seditious prelates shall not 'scape.
If law acquit them, majesty does not :
They triumph, but to suffer worse disgrace,
And lose their transient joy in lasting grief.
Now, for our purpos'd trial of the mind :
Parade my lord of Litchfield's regiment.

[*The regiment is paraded across the stage at some distance.*]

Inform them, that if any man dislike
To aid us in repealing the test act,
And other laws against the Catholics,
He has permission to resign his arms,

[The major speaks aloud to the regiment.]

Major.

If any officer or soldier of this regiment, is unwilling to assist his majesty in repealing the laws against the Roman Catholics, he has permission to lay down his arms.

[All the officers and soldiers ground their arms, two or three excepted.]

King James.

Amazement!

[Pauses, and then addresses Lord Feversham.]

Let them retake their arms, and quit the ground.

Anticipation even mocks our thoughts.

We purpos'd to dismiss these Protestants;

But, lo! we find disloyalty so ripe,

It would not wait till we could shake it off.

Disloyalty and heresy are fruits

Engrafted on the same ill-bearing tree,

And, to destroy them, we must kill the stem.

Lord Feversham, those men must be exchange'd :

We would not have one soldier in our troops,

Who is not, or who will not be a Catholic.

Conversion shall perform its work at large,

And our whole realm embrace the faith of Rome.

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

CENE. THE PALACE.

*King James, Lords Sunderland, Powis, Bellasis, and other
Lords of the Privy Council.*

King James.

BUT that conviction hath enforc'd belief,
I could e'en now reject this news, my lords;—
Astonishment! In what dark secret cave
Lay treason hid, that we could not espy't?
The prince of Orange is invited o'er
By the first men, and chiefest of our realms.
Chief traitors I am sure they are to us.
Perhaps Invasion, with o'erbearing haste,
Hath left the shore, and bends his eager march
Towards our capital. For Heav'n's sake, lords,
Assist our council with your sagest thoughts.
Say, how shall we repel this dangerous tide,
That rushes on us with a torrent's speed?

Lord Powis.

'Tis scarce within the compass of belief,
That the stout force, which passing Neptune bounds,
Imprints its hostile footsteps on this isle;
(Thus speaks report,) could possibly be form'd
Without our knowledge of its true intent.

Then

Then, when it stretch'd its pinions to the gale,
What broad impenetrable veil of clouds
Cou'd so enwrap a fleet which cover'd leagues,
That we might not discern its bulk and strength.
But, if it has our vigilance escap'd,
It follows, that your majesty employ
Against this arm, an arm of greater strength,
Which surely is within your royal power.
You must with speed augment your forces, Sir;
Drive out rebellion from your own domains,
And pour invasion on the invader's realms.

King James.

We know, my lord, an armament so great
Could not invisibly collect its force,
Or lie within a hollow nut-shell hid.
We learnt that Holland had assembled troops;
But judg'd them muster'd for their own defence.
We look'd not for disloyalty at home,
Nor such injustice from the United States;
Therefore, prepar'd not to resist a storm
That seem'd to lour upon a foreign state.
But since it bends its fury on ourself,
We shall endeavour to restrain its course.
If you conceive our forces are too weak,
We can depend on powerful aid from France.

Lord Sunderland.

Some aids are traitors to the cause they serve,
And such wou'd foreign forces be to our's.
The safe and wholesome aid of parliament
You've led your people to expect, my liege.

As much as this would satisfy their minds,
So much the other would create disgust,
Ev'n among those who are your firmest friends.
The English spirit blends not with the French,
Who were, and are, and ever will remain,
In peace or war, so nature hath design'd,
The foes and rivals of this sea-girt isle.
Inevitable danger lurks behind.
The troops of France, if landed, might expel
The Dutch invaders from your harass'd state,
But would themselves far worse invaders prove.
Too sure, my liege, they'd seize upon your realms,
And leave you but the viceroy of their king.

King James.

These thoughts seem weigh'd in Reason's scale, my lord;
We therefore shall reject the aid of France,
And speedily augment our native force.
Lord Feverham shall have the chief command.
Our garrisons we'll give to able men;
For wise intrepid governors defend
Their towns beyond the best constructed walls.
Lord Dartmouth, skilful, brave, and vigilant,
Shall have direction of our naval strength.
But martial force will be arrang'd in vain,
Unless interiour government be strict.
Let firmness then conduct the civil powers,
Lest disaffection grow to desperate rage,
And overthrow all order in the state.
This, my lord Sunderland, must be your care.
In sudden perils are we plung'd, my lords,

And

And danger threatens with an awful brow.—
We would awhile hold counsel with ourself.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*]

King James solus.

Methinks I stand like one beneath a cliff,
Whose base the rising tide at last o'erwhelms ;
Whose pendant summit rocks with ev'ry blast.
Invasion threatens me like the gathering wave,
And hastens to engulph me in its flood ;
While treacherous blasts so shake the mountain-top,
I dread the moment of its ponderous fall.
Diffimulation be my refuge now,
We must awhile give up those hateful points,
Which our seditious Protestants require.
This may defeat the ambition of the prince,
Who reigns protector of these heretics,
In hopes some future day to reign their king.
But let compliance once obtain its ends,
We shall convince our now insulting foes,
That—what we gave, we gave but to resume.

[*Exit King James.*]

SCENE. THE PALACE AT LAMBETH.

Arch-bishop of Canterbury, Bishop of Bath, and other Bishops.

Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

We have obey'd his majesty's commands,
And laid before him all that seems to us

I

Most

Most needful to redress, and to enact.
We have advis'd, that the civil powers
Be guided only by nobility,
Or gentry, duly qualify'd by law.
We have desir'd the arbitrary court
On church affairs, may be forthwith dissolv'd.
We have advis'd, that none disqualified
Hold place or office, or in church or state.
We have requested, that the Romish priests
Cease all instruction in the public schools.
We have advis'd our sov'reign to withhold
The exercise of his dispensing power,
Till parliament shall sanction such a right.
We intreat, that bishops of the Romish faith
May not be suffer'd henceforth to invade
The jurisdiction of the English church:
That vacant bishopricks may strait be fill'd
With men of learning, and of pious lives.
We have advis'd our sov'reign to restore
All ancient charters, privileges, rights,
Suspended, or from corporations ta'en.
We've strongly recommended speedy writs
T'assemble a free parliament, in which,
The subjects' liberties and properties,
And England's lawful church, may be secur'd.
Lastly, we have implor'd his majesty,
To grant his bishops freedom of debate
On subjects tending to revive his faith
In that religion which he once possess'd;
In which he was in infancy baptiz'd;
And which he has unhappily forsook,
T'embrace the errors of the church of Rome.

These articles, my lords, appear'd to us
Of equal moment to the nation's peace,
And the king's own tranquillity of mind.
May his opinions coincide with ours.

Bishop of Bath.

My reverend lord arch-bishop, 'tis our hope,
His majesty will think with us. But, shou'd he not,
We have discharg'd our duties as divines,
As faithful subjects, and impartial men ;
And this reflection must console our minds.

Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

That consolation certainly is ours ;
But for his own, and for his people's sakes,
We hope his majesty will not reject
Advice on equity's broad basis fram'd.
If follow'd, 'twill that confidence restore,
Which happily unites a king and state.
The public mind is like that instrument
Which, tasting the soft flowing breath of heaven,
Answers the grateful breeze that thrills its chords,
In wildly dulcet and harmonious notes ;
But being struck by rude and boisterous hands,
Returns the violence with grating sounds. *[Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE. LONDON,

*Trueman and Worthy.**Trueman.*

My heart's so full, I cannot speak my joy.
The charter of our city is restor'd ;
Lord chancellor deliver'd it himself.
Dear Worthy, what a glorious change is this!
Now London art thou eas'd of half thy cares.
Toil shall be pleasure, drudgery, delight.
Sweet is the rest that is by labour earn'd ;
But sweeter far, when liberty secures
The well-earn'd profits which industry brings.
The merchant, fearless then, embarks his stores,
Assur'd, from whatsoever clime his ships return,
The wealth they bring his charter'd rights protect.
Shelter'd from rapine, and from lawless power,
The lesser sov'reign of his own domain
Bids the plough turn the kindly-bearing soil,
And reaps the golden harvest of his cares.
All ranks, all orders, feel the power benign.
O! never may a British king forget,
That freedom cherish'd, property secur'd,
Are the sure means to make a nation great ;
And, when the people feel a solid joy,
It ever hastes to glad their monarch's heart,

Worthy.

Surprizing is the change the king hath made,

H 2

Pray,

Pray Heav'n, it proves as lasting, as 'tis great,
 Not to our city is the gift confin'd;
 The ancient charters, privileges, rights,
 Of ev'ry corporation, are restor'd.
 The popish magistrates again resign
 The seats of justice to the protestants.
 Several lord lieutenants are remov'd;
 Others have been commission'd to redress
 The grievances which in their counties reign'd.
 'Tis said, these counsels from the bishops flow,
 Who have approv'd themselves our warmest friends.
 Let but adherence cling to this reform,
 All fears, distrusts, and dangers will subside;
 And we shall view the face of majesty,
 As men regard the soul reviving orb
 That warms, invigorates, and glads the earth.

Trueman.

Come, let us walk. Methinks each face I meet
 Is dress'd in smiles, and ev'ry feature speaks
 The heart-felt happiness which Freedom gives.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE. AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

King James.

Enter a Gentleman

I bring you joyful tidings, royal Sir:
 The dreadful armament that menac'd us,
 Is by a far more dreadful power dispers'd.

A few

A few short hours they plough'd the briny wave,
When suddenly a western gale arose,
And with such violence attack'd the fleet,
That not two ships the following day were seen
Together, braving the incensed wind,
Which drove them with such stormy vengeance back,
They were most happy who could reach a port,
Dismasted, and mere hulls unfit for use.
The rest, the gaping ocean swallow'd up. [Exit,

King James.

Thrice happy James, now art thou king indeed!
The hand of Heav'n hath prov'd our right divine,
By guarding thus the sacred crown it gave.
Heav'n bade the dæmon of destruction take
The foamy billows by their mountain-tops,
And whelm them o'er the proud insulting fleet
Which treason and injustice arm'd to crush our pow'r,
That power hath now a fix'd and solid base,
Which heresy, sedition, discontent,
May try to shake, but henceforth try in vain.
We have so well arrang'd our native strength,
That Disaffection dares not lift its head;
And bold Invasion hides his scatter'd force.
The vile concessions wrung from us in haste;
Those vile concessions we shall now retract,
And govern, as Heav'n wills a monarch should,
With power absolute o'er church and state. [Exit,

SCENE.

SCENE. AN APARTMENT OF LADY AGNES.

*Lady Agnes and Ursula.**Lady Agnes.*

Dear Ursula, I have lost him for ever,

Ursula.

My sweet lady, don't be in such a parlous taking. The colonel is a perjury ungrateful heretic; so he is. He did nothing but laugh at father Orleans the whole time of their confabilitation.

Lady Agnes.

O, it is my own fault! Why did I press him perpetually to become a Catholic?

Ursula.

My dear lady, think no more about him. I know he is a vile, detestable, roving man. I once caught him in the very fact, of defaming himself with your ladyship's maid. But what was more perdigious, when I told him, in the tindest accent, just as I have heard your ladyship, that he was welcome to send you a token of his love; he never so much as offered to press my lips.

[*Bridling her fan.*]*Lady Agnes.*

Ursula, I am excessively unhappy, and shall not recover my peace till I see or hear from colonel Godfrey. For
Heaven's

Heaven's sake, procure me some intelligence about him.
To lose him thus would be worse than death.

Ursula.

O, my dear lady, do any thing but die! I'll find him
up I warrant. He shall come and pour out his soul at
your feet, as he used to say he did; and I believe 't'was
ev'ry syllable of it true. Well, after all, he is the sweetest
man. But then, he is the most unaccountable creature.
He'll stop one woman's mouth with kisses, tho' he'll scarce
give another so much as a civil salute. I'm sure he never
gave me one, tho' I wou'dn't have refused him if he had
offer'd me twenty. Well, he is a sweet barbirous man.
But then, he is such a vile heretic—and such a charming
fellow—that I shan't rest till I find him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE. A SEAT OF SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR'S.

Lord Abington and Sir Edward Seymour.

Sir Edward Seymour.

Repeat them not, my lord; I'll hear no more.
Should we again believe, again be fool'd,
Credulity itself would mock our faith.
His majesty, beyond conviction, proves,
That all his late concessions were but snares
Spread for our open, unsuspecting minds.
Let memory hold the royal portrait up,
View it; then, say, if any hope remain.
'Twas not enough to obtain despotic sway,
The king resolv'd to establish Popery,

well

And

And throw a double bondage o'er our minds ;
 While, with an eagerness scarce parallel'd,
 His majesty enforc'd his fav'rite faith,
 The prince's noble purpose reach'd his ears,
 And struck him and his counsel with dismay.
 Fear raz'd the papal structure to the ground,
 The royal work of four successive years,
 Even in the compass of a few short days.
 What follow'd? when the tidings reach'd his ears
 Of the disaster of the prince's fleet,
 Did not the sudden reformation cease?
 Did not the king revoke his acts of grace?
 Were not the popish tools again employ'd,
 And all the schemes of despotism reviv'd?

Lord Abingdon.

Sir Edward, I am thoroughly convinc'd,
 When reformation is the effect of fear,
 It ceases with the cause which gave it birth.
 The king hath now all confidence destroy'd,
 And I shall, with impatience, wait the hour
 That brings deliverance to our wretched state.

Sir Edward Seymour.

That happy hour, thank Heaven, approaches swift.
 The damage which the prince's fleet sustain'd
 Was slight, and since is thoroughly repair'd.
 The tale which prudence circulated here,
 Was fabricated to persuade the king
 No more attempts this season would be made.
 But, with the first fair wind, we may expect
 His highness and his gallant forces o'er.

How

How many noble spirits stand resolv'd
 To rescue this oppressed state, or die!
 We too, shall join the patriot band, my lord;
 When Freedom calls on Britain's sons to arm,
 O, let it not be said, we are the last. *[Exeunt,*

SCENE. THE COUNTRY NEAR THE SEA-COAST.

Enter two Countrymen, with pitchforks,

Hodge and Stubble.

Stubble,

Adzookers, Hodge, I tell you fearmer Bearnstraw zeed
 um cum ashore; whole boat-fulls of um, man. The zea
 look'd, for all the world, as if 'twas alive,

Hodge.

Wauns, measter Stubble, what shall we do? D'ye
 think our pitchvorks wou'dn't keep 'em off a little bit? I
 can handle one, thof I zay it, as well as any lad in these
 parts.

Stubble.

Poh! you simpleton, all the pitchvorks in the county
 wou'dn't stop um. But the fearmer zays they be'nt ene-
 mies. He zays they're honest volks, cum'd over of their
 own accord, God blefs um, to prevent us from being
 transmografied into papishes. Wauns, here's somebody
 in a deuced hurry.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman in a travelling dress.

Gentleman.

Honest fellows, can you tell if a horse may be procured within a little distance?

Stubble.

Why, I am affear'd, measter, you w'ont light on arther horse or als, within five miles, the country be in such a mortal vright. But you may call at fearmer Greenacre's.

Gentleman.

Whereabouts is farmer Greenacre's?

Stubble.

Fearmer Greenacre's! Why, I thought every body know'd fearmer Greenacre's. You ha nothing to do, but to go down o that there lane, and when you cum to the end o it, turn sharp to the right, and that will bring you to the common; strike into the sandy road, get over the left-hand stile, and cross the seven-acre piece; then you are at the pond. Keep strait vorward till you cum to a crooked lane, then make a bit ov a turn till you get to the wood, and when you are through the wood, keep along by the corn-fields. That's the highest cut to fearmer Greenacre's. For if you were to go about, to go by Jonathan Guzzle's pile, and so over the heath, you might go a mile out o your way, and mehap not vind it nurther.

Gentleman.

S'dearth! what an unintelligible booby is this. I must e'en

e'en go forward 'till I meet with some rational being. By this time I suppose the whole army is landed. *[Exit.]*

Stubble.

Belike the gemman doant care to vollow my direction ; but I cou'd ha told him as how I know every inch o ground in this parish, and the next too. Cum along, Hodge. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE. TORBAY.

Flourish of drums and trumpets.

Enter the Prince of Orange, General Officers, and Guards ; Lords Shrewsbury, Wiltshire, Mordaunt, Admiral Herbert, and other Lords and Gentlemen.

Two standards are displayed, one English, the other his Highness's arms, surrounded with this motto, THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND ; underneath the motto of the House of Nassau, " I WILL MAINTAIN".

Prince of Orange.

I give you joy, my lords and gentlemen.
The southern wind a happy pilot prov'd,
And steer'd us to a port, whose friendly beach
Seem'd to invite our forces to debark,
With so much ease our army gain'd the shore.
Now, may each step we tread on English ground,
Conduct us to the liberty we seek ;

I 2

And,

And, may we reach the summit of our hopes;
Without one sword distain'd with English blood.

Lord Shrewsbury.

Ye seas, ye skies, ye fav'ring gales of heav'n,
Ye aiding ministers of Providence,
Who wafted us in safety to this isle,
While thanking ye, we thank the ruling Mind
That look'd with kindly aspect on our cause,
And at this awful crisis of our fate,
Sent an exalted hero to our aid,
Whose valour, temper'd with humanity,
Would shun the sanguine horrors of the field,
When minds, not bodies, should be vanquished,

(Turning to the prince.)

Your highness is most welcome to this land.
Receive such welcome to our native isle,
As hearts, too full to speak their happiness,
And joy too great for common utterance, give.

Lord Mordaunt.

The o'erflowing heart is ever eloquent,
And rises far above all forms of speech;
Such be the joyful greeting of this hour.
Your highness is the saviour of a state,
Whose pilot, rash, unskill'd, and obstinate,
Misrul'd the helm, and steer'd his erring course
Full on the quicksands of deceitful Rome.
Heav'n blest you with that steadiness of mind
Which views the gorgon danger undismay'd,
And ev'ry dreadful and terrific shape
With which destructive death appals the soul.

Then

Then should tyrannic power contest our claims,
 Advance our standards, and defy the foe.
 For, led by thee, fell danger shuns our steps,
 Or waiting thy approach to safety turns.

Lord Wiltshire.

Altho' your highness' virtues shun applause,
 Our commendations will not hurt your ear.
 For, if interpreted, they do but say,
 We love those qualities you love yourself,
 And being yours, exerted for our good;
 Involuntary praise escapes our tongues
 Amidst the gratulations of the day.
 Thank Heav'n, our forces stand on English ground,
 And we resolv'd, on liberty or death.
 Then lead us as your judgment shall direct;
 For wisdom cannot issue an unfit command.

Prince of Orange.

With pleasure I behold this confidence, my lords,
 It is the life, the soul of enterprize,
 And built on reason, hath the wond'rous power
 To gain more strength, the more it doth impart.
 Such is the confidence that fills your minds,
 And marks a firmness worthy of our cause.
 May Heav'n befriend us, as that cause is just,
 And as we came not to destroy, but save.
 The spreading carnage, the commutual wounds,
 Which crimson o'er a battle's awful front,
 Disgrace humanity, when the adverse sides
 From the same parent stock derive their birth.
 When one brave kinsman by another bleeds,

Nature

Nature a double injury sustains;
 And the fell thrust that hits the life of one,
 For ever murders the survivor's peace.
 'Tis most unnatural, most odious,
 Most abhorr'd. Therefore, my thrice honour'd friends,
 Whose country's wrongs call loudly for redress,
 We will not lift the strong right-arm of war,
 Unless our arguments all fruitless prove,
 And truth and reason try their pow'rs in vain.
 Then, justice must perforce unsheath the sword
 To guard your laws, your liberties, and lives.
 Full well we know the treachery of Rome
 Too oft hath sown sedition in a state,
 And where her deep designing arts have fail'd,
 Inexorable bigotry hath lighted up
 The flaming brand, and spar'd nor sex nor age.
 Or at an hour, dark as the hellish deed,
 Whole cities hath been delug'd o'er with blood;
 While Rome's vile priests inflam'd the madd'ning rage,
 Till faint and breathless with the murd'rous toil,
 Exhausted cruelty forebore to strike.
 Is it not worse than weakness then, in James,
 To lure these subtle persecuting fiends,
 To offer up his realms, his people's wealth,
 And ev'n themselves, a sacrifice to Rome?

Lord Shrewsbury.

Had not prevention brought us timely aid,
 Such sanguinary sorrows might have reach'd
 The farthest nooks and corners of this isle;
 Ay, mix'd our blood-polluted miseries,
 Ev'n with the encircling waves which gird our shores.

scuteVI

That

That fear is past, and ev'ry bosom feels
A happy presage of ensuing peace;
That liberty shall welcome our return,
And crown your highness with immortal fame.

Admiral Herbert.

While thus anticipation's eager bark,
Upborne upon the rising tide of hope,
Gains her wish'd ports with more than eagle's speed,
'Tis not unworthy note, that on this day
We yearly celebrate delivery,
From that destructive plot which jesuits form'd
To kill a monarch and assembled peers.
Henceforth, twice memorable be the day
Which erst the nation sav'd, and now hath brought
Deliverance from despotism and Rome.

Enter an Aid-du-camp to the Prince.

Aid-du-camp.

Your highness's commands are all obey'd:
The troops are on th' appointed ground encamp'd,
As the due order of their battle marks.
The foot have in the center pitch'd their tents,
The horse, on either wing, their lines extend;
The guards are posted, and the men refresh'd
With such provision as the time affords.

Prince of Orange.

'Tis well. Thro'out the camp let vigilance
Keep watch, lest discipline too feeble prove
For strong temptation, and the shade of night,

And

And pillage wander with unlicens'd foot.
 Soon as the dappled morning streaks the east,
 We shall our soldiers from their slumbers rouse,
 Strike ev'ry tent, and form the line of march :
 These orders give with all convenient speed.

Aid-du-camp,

They shall be carefully distributed. *[Exit,*

Prince of Orange.

We shall tow'rds Exeter direct our march ;
 There, publish our intentions more at large,
 And wait awhile the junctions of those friends
 Whose high-soul'd valour will augment our force,
 As yet in courage, stronger than in men.
 Mean while I shall your kind assistance ask
 To soften the distresses of the camp,
 Which our brave officers severely feel.
 Their baggage yet remains on board the fleet,
 And common food is not within their reach.
 Drench'd as they are, the ground must be their bed,
 Upanopied, save by the inclement sky ;
 While hunger sharpens ev'ry bitter hour,
 And gives the piercing winds a keener edge.
 Already I've dispatch'd my people forth,
 To glean what help the country can afford,
 Your zeal and influence will assist us much,
 And hasten or enlarge the wish'd supplies.
 May they be swift and equal to their wants ;
 For, while they suffer thus, I suffer too. *[Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

SCENE. THE PALACE.

King James.

O TREASON, what a subtle fiend art thou!
What magic is in thy deceitful veil,
Whose texture doth elude the keenest eye,
And yet no mortal sight may pierce its web;
Invisible, yet impenetrable.
How hath thy fatal veil conceal'd from us
This bold and daring project of our foes!
We thought the incensed winds had scatter'd them,
Or the exasperate seas entom'd their fleet.
Unfortunate reverse! It safely rides
At anchor in our port, and hath disgorg'd
A crew of armed traitors on our shores;
Their loud mouth'd trumpet sends forth hideous notes,
And dark rebellion issues with the blast;
But we shall meet it as becomes a king.

*Enter Lord Jefferies, Powis, Bellasis, and Godolphin.**King James.*

Our presence with the army is required,
And steady government is needful here.
On you, lord Jefferies, my lord Powis,
Lord Bellasis, we safely may rely;

K

With

With you we shall my lord Godolphin join ;
 A firm and prudent council will ye form,
 While we our forces lead against the foe.
 Altho' Invasion dares us to the field,
 It may retire before superiour strength ;
 Our forces do in number far exceed
 Th' invader's, with our traitor subjects leagu'd.

Lord Jefferies.

Nought shall be wanting on our part, my liege ;
 And when you have overcome the foreign foes,
 Leave me to quell their traiterous partizans.
 Full many a tree shall groan with pendant fruit ;
 So heavily I shall its branches load
 With the rebellious offspring of our isle.—
 Methinks they should not quite so soon forget
 The fate of Monmouth and his followers.

Lord Godolphin.

Peace, like a frightened dove, has pois'd her wing ;
 And to prevent the panting trembler's flight,
 These growing feuds must quickly be compos'd.
 And it should seem to be the people's wish ;
 For York, and Kent, and London, all prepare
 Petitions, that your majesty will treat
 With Holland's prince, on certain grievances,
 Which, canvass'd and adjusted, may prevent
 The bloody mischiefs likely to ensue.

King James.

As well they may petition the wild storm ;
 Bid the loud thunder cease, the lightnings flash ;

All nature's potent ministers obey,
As to petition us to treat with him
Who has thus rashly dar'd to interfere
Between rebellious subjects and their king.
We shall consider as our enemies,
All who henceforth advise us to confer
With the unjust invader of our realms.

Enter a Gentleman.

His grace the duke of Grafton, and certain
Lords, request an audience of your majesty.

King James.

We shall receive them,

Enter the Duke of Grafton, with other Lords.

Duke of Grafton.

Most gracious sov'reign, this uneasy time,
Which feels the sharp and galling curb of power,
And, like a steed, proves restive to the bit,
Induce us to request your majesty
Will ease the reins of government awhile,
Which to its wonted spirit may restore
The vex'd, unsettled temper of the realm.
A parliament would speedily assuage
The yet increasing ferments of the state.
We humbly do beseech you, royal Sir,
To summon one, whose freedom of debate,
And upright principles, will scan affairs
With clear, impartial, and discerning thoughts.
Such is the mouth the people would employ

To speak their wishes, hopes, and sentiments ;
Which being graciously receiv'd, my liege,
Wou'd pour content in ev'ry troubled breast.

King James.

Now, by the faith and honour of a king,
Whene'er the prince of Orange quits our realms,
A parliament shall speak the nation's thoughts.
At present, my good lords, we know too well,
Our enemies would influence its voice.
Those enemies we are prepar'd to meet ;
And think our forces able to chastise
The bold invasion that disturbs our peace.

The Duke of Grafton.

Conciliatory measures, royal Sir,
And none but such we hope for and advise.
Rough measures but enlarge a civil breach ;
Whereas mild treatment is a gentle balm
That heals the public wounds which pow'r inflicts.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Lords of his party.*]

King James, to the Privy Council.

Force ever should encounter force, my lords,
We shall not turn our thoughts to gentle means,
Till our ambitious enemies be crush'd.
We must away to Salisbury. Farewell.

[*Exit*]

Lords.

May victory conduct you back, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.

SCENE. THE COUNTRY NEAR CIRENCESTER.

Firing is heard. Soldiers cross the stage.

Enter an Officer, with a party guarding Lord Lovelace.

Lord Lovelace.

Unfortunate!—I am your prisoner, Sir.
In lieu of joining my brave countrymen,
Who've hasten'd to the standard of the prince,
I must inactive lay among my foes;
And while each manly spirit is employ'd,
Wear out the tedious hours in helpless sloth.
You've bought this accidental victory dear.
Where do you lead me, Sir?

Officer.

If conquest hath been dearly bought by us,
Your party hath lost some of its best blood;
And with their leader, we are more than quit.
Your lordship must with us to Salisbury.

Lord Lovelace.

Short will your triumph prove; but lead the way.

[Exeunt.]

A Serjeant returns as from the party.

Serjeant.

Where the devil is our quarter master? Is this a time
for him to be out of the way? Faith we have had a pretty
warm

warm skirmish on't; and I suppose a few more would have dropt, if lord what d-ye-call-um hadn't been taken. But I must go find out old Flam; where can he have poked himself? To my thoughts he a'nt over fond of the whistling of shot, tho' he brags so much of his campaigns. O, here he comes and his party. I'll step aside a bit, and hear what he has been after. [*Goes behind the scene.*]

Enter Flam, the Quarter Master, at the head of a party of Soldiers.

Flam.

Come along my boys. We have had a glorious day. That holly hedge was as good as parapet.—We were as safe as if we had been intrenched up to the teeth.

Serjeant.

Ay, your honour may say as safe as if we'd been trench'd above our heads; for I cou'dn't so much as get a sight of the enemy.

Flam.

So much the better. Then they cou'dn't possibly get a sight of us. 'Twas a perfect ambuscade.

[*The Serjeant comes forward from the side-scene.*]

Serjeant.

Your honour, Mr. Flam;—the commanding officer sent me back to know what you have been doing in the rear.

Flam.

Flam.

Doing what a great general never neglected—forming a corps de reserve. While the commanding officer was skirmishing in the front, I took post in the rear; and so advantageously, that the enemy never so much as attempted to dislodge me. We stood our ground like heroes;—ay, brother soldiers?

Serjeant of Flam's party.

Yes, yes, we stood still enough, except when your honour bid us hide ourselves in the ditch.

Flam.

Well, but when you did not stand still, you laid still. I tell you that—that, was a master-piece. Turenne himself cou'dn't have manœuvred better.—I had a glimpse of the enemy moving towards my right, and, as they were within half a dozen fields of us, I thought 'twas high time to secure ourselves, lest they should take us in flank or rear. Now, that second position in the ditch was so well chosen, they might have hunted for a day and not found us. Come along, my boys, I'll lead you to victory!—But hold, whereabouts are the enemy?

Serjeant.

The enemy! far enough by this time, except those who fought their last battle. My lord, what's his name,—lord Lovelace is taken prisoner.

Flam.

The enemy's general taken, and not by me!—But 'tis impossible

impossible to be every where at once ;—how could I attack their front, and defend our rear at the same time ? This is one of Fortune's envious tricks ! this is the way she always serves us great men ! But come along, my boys, perhaps we may now light on the second in command ; and if we take him, with what we have done already, we shall be cover'd with laurels.

Serjeant of Flam's party.

Fore God, your honour, that will be a great deal better than being cover'd with brambles. I was so damnably claw'd in your honour's second position, that I shall never relish such covering again.

Flam.

Never mind, my lads, never mind ; victoria ! boys ; once more for the field of action ; pluck up your courage, and follow me.

(As Flam marches forward, two or three musquets are fired behind the scenes. He starts.)

Ha !—zounds, the enemy is at hand !—For God sake keep back, my lads ; dont, dont let us enter too precipitately into action. I—I—I wish we had some safe place to reconnoitre from. But, but, serjeant Muzzle, go you forward and bring me word if the enemy be approaching. *(Serjeant goes out.)* Damn it, we shou'dn't have left the holly hedge so rashly ; but brave commanders are always too apt to expose themselves. Take ground to the rear soldiers. *(They fall back to the side-scene.)* 'Tis desperation to form under the fire of an enemy ;—there,—there,—now we are in a better line. We may face the enemy, and out-face them too ; but, by the soul of Turenne, to get

get off the ground with a load of shot in one's posteriors, argues the very height of resolution. Be cool, my lads; and, d'ye hear, be ready to retreat as soon as I give the word. To be sure we have endanger'd ourselves by advancing too rashly; but we must make it amends by a masterly retreat. I sha'n't be the first great general who has saved himself by a masterly retreat.

Serjeant returns.

'Tis nothing but some country-folks, your honour, scaring the crows.

Flam.

O, is that all? Come along then, my brave boys; come along; I wish it had been the enemy. By the soul of Turenne, we'd have faced ten thousand of them! Danger, is not danger, when I am your leader!

Serjeant.

No; I believe your honour wou'dn't willingly lead either yourself or us into worse mischief than a bramble bush.

Flam.

Why, I may say without boasting, that I seldom lead a soldier into the field, without leading him safe out of it. Advance then, my brave fellows. O, that we cou'd but light of the second in command!—But why should we repine—when we have already done enough to render ourselves immortal!

[Exit, flourishing his sword.]

L

SCENE.

SCENE. A CAMP NEAR SALISBURY.

Enter Lord Feversham, Commander in Chief, from his tent.

Lord Feversham.

These discontents sit heavy at my heart.
Thro'out the camp ill-boding whispers fly ;
Cold looks, and disaffected humours reign.
My officers in frequent knots commune ;
Then break, assemble, mix, and interchange,
And dark cabal in ev'ry party lurks.
I know not yet the ground of their dislikes ;
But 'twill not long be hid. Some of high rank
This morn request a conference at my tent.
Shou'd that unfold the latent cause, 'tis well ;
If not, I mean to search their inmost thoughts :
For these unquiet ferments of the mind
Too often prove forerunners of revolt.

Enter an Aid-du-camp.

My lord, some officers of rank approach ;
Is it your pleasure to receive them here ?

Lord Feversham.

It is.
Plant other centinels and farther off ;
I would have none in hearing of my tent,
And no intrusion while our conference lasts.

Enter

Enter Colonel Berkley, and other Field Officers.

Lord Feversham.

Your visit, gentlemen, has met my wish.

Colonel Berkely.

My lord, we should not hold ourselves excus'd,
 Were we to leave our general uninform'd
 Of certain principles which sway our minds.
 Our duty to our sov'reign lord the king,
 Seems blended with our duty to the state.
 To disunite them, is to cease them both.
 We are not mere passive instruments of wrath,
 Form'd to destroy our species at command,
 As hatred, tyranny, caprice shall bid ;
 But men, whom love of glory call'd to arms,
 And bred to fight the battles of the state.
 We cannot then divest ourselves
 Of ev'ry social tie, turn savage beasts,
 And stab that country which we shou'd protect.
 Heav'n knows, my lord, we would with pleasure drain
 The generous stream that bathes a soldier's breast,
 To serve his majesty against his foes ;
 But will not aid him to destroy his friends,
 And deluge native plains, with native blood.
 The rights of human nature, social rights,
 Humanity forbids us to invade.
 Our conscience will not suffer us to fight
 Against the prince of Orange, who has arm'd
 But to preserve our liberties and faith ;
 Those treasures of a subject priz'd as life,

THE REVOLUTION.

And ever dearest to an English heart.
We would his majesty should know our thoughts.

Lord Feversham.

I see what florid colours may be thrown
O'er disobedience, not to name it worse.
I cannot wish this conference prolong'd.
You may be well assured, gentlemen,
The king shall know the tenor of your minds.

Officers.

It is our earnest wish.

[*Exeunt.*

Lord Feversham.

This is the lurking mischief which I fear'd,
And far more dangerous than a host of foes.
Command is but a sound, when disobey'd,
Or when obey'd with a reluctant soul.
The general whom fate perverse compels
To lead a factious army to the field,
Shall in that field resign his fame or life.
His troops will tear the laurel from his grasp,
And bind it on the temples of his foe.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

The king. I fear too late.

Enter King James and attendants.

King James.

We are come to take a survey of our powers,
Not merely of our numbers, my good lord;
For, should we lead forth to the embattled field,

Full

Full thirty thousand well appointed men,
 Howe'er our ranks might seem to threat the foe,
 If wavering thoughts, depress their manly souls,
 I fear we should want more than half our strength.
 For when the courage, or the will to fight,
 Is cool'd or damp'd, numbers to cyphers change;
 And but the semblance of an army strikes.

Lord Feversham.

May it please your majesty, dismiss your train.

King James.

You may retire.

[*Exeunt attendants.*]

Lord Feversham.

I am griev'd to think your majesty will find
 The worst of foes ev'n in your soldiers breasts.
 There dwells not that alacrity of soul
 Among your troops, the time demands;
 Nay, some of rank have openly refus'd
 To meet the prince's forces in the field.
 I hope your royal presence will create
 That ardour which I have try'd in vain t'inspire.

Enter an Aid-du-camp hastily.

Aid-du-camp.

Pardon me, sov'reign, this intrusion;
 A circumstance I shall with pain relate,
 Hath made it duty. Lord Cornbury is gone off.
 My lord pretending orders from yourself,
 To force an advanced post of the enemies,

Carried

THE REVOLUTION.

Carried off with him his own regiment,
And most of Berwick's, Fenwick's, and St. Albans,
With which he has join'd the prince of Orange.

King James to Lord Feversham.

You have so far prepar'd our thoughts, my lord;
This petty loss fits lightly on the mind.
Let us review lord Churchill's quarter first:
Firmness presides wherever he commands.
Were half our army to desert the field,
The other half with him would win the day.

Lord Feversham.

Wou'd his fidelity deserv'd this praise.
Lord Churchill, I am well convinc'd, is false.

King James.

It cannot be, my lord; you wrong yourself.
You now your better judgment set aside,
And speak the language of mere prejudice.
Lord Churchill has been honour'd and advanc'd,
Plac'd near our person, treated as a friend;
He, cannot prove a traitor to our cause.

Lord Feversham.

Most gracious sov'reign, I have fear'd him long.

*Enter an Aid-du-camp, gives a letter to Lord Feversham,
and exit.*

Lord Feversham.

Your royal leave. *[Breaks the seal and reads hastily.*
And

And lo! my liege, my fears are all confirm'd.

[*Gives the King a letter.*]

This to yourself.

King James reads.

Is this the man who shar'd my best esteem!
 This my lord Churchill! this my bosom friend!
 What feeble colours hath desertion used,
 To hide the purpose of a traitor's heart.
 If those in whom I most confide, desert,
 What need of farther search? (*pauses*) I shall return.
 Such martial movements as seem proper, make.
 Affairs of moment summon us to town.
 But let it be immediately proclaim'd,
 We grant a pardon absolute to all
 Who quit the prince in twenty days from hence.
 Rebellion then, shall meet the stroke of death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. AN APARTMENT.

Princess Ann.

How these contending duties pain my breast.
 Like fighting winds that for the mastery strive,
 Till one o'erpow'ring gale, with victor strength,
 Darts thro' the stormy skies with rapid wing;
 Conflicting passions have assail'd my heart,
 Till unresisted impulse speeds my flight.
 Filial affection drew me to the king;
 But other ties, by love and virtue form'd,
 Ah, what so tender, and at once so strong!
 Impel me to an absent husband's arms.

The

The prince of Denmark is already fled.
 I too, must from a wretched father fly ;
 Give his domestic peace another wound,
 And force him to declare me an ingrate,
 Unfeeling, and unnatural.—Painful thought !
 But am I these?—O, no.—My heart detests
 A guilt so shocking, and abhors such crimes.
 I know the prince of Orange means no wrong
 Against my father's person, or his crown.
 He comes to crush the bigotry of priests
 Who urge the king to plant the faith of Rome,
 Regardless of what violence they use,
 And of the danger into which they plunge
 A monarch, who is but the instrument
 Of their ambition and destructive schemes.
 A letter to the queen will speak my thoughts,
 And tell how ardently I wish that peace
 May sooth these dreadful tumults of the state,
 And make my flight but serve me to return. [Exit.

SCENE. AN APARTMENT AT WHITEHALL.

King James.

These treasons are the rivals of themselves,
 And seem so jealous of each other's haste,
 They grudge the smallest interval of time.
 So many are turn'd traitors to our cause,
 Desertion grows familiar to our thoughts,
 And now hath not another pang to inflict.
 We cease to feel a single part aggriev'd,
 When the whole body is become one wound.

Enter a Messenger.

You bring us certain tidings from the west.
If good, speak quickly, man ; if not, be dumb.
Misfortune should want utterance, or ~~we~~ ears.

Messenger.

Could I change loss to gain, ill news to good,
I would pour forth a flood of happy sounds,
And make my speech seem gracious to your ear,
Tho' cloth'd in Nature's coarsest garb, my liege,
The rude and untaught language of a clown.
But since I cannot this, I must be dumb.

King James.

We charge thee speak ; what news hast thou to tell,
So harsh, but we can hear it all ? Ay, hear
Like one to disappointment long inur'd.

Messenger.

Collected losses swell the heavy sum
Of my distasteful and heart-wounding news.
The earl of Bath has taken Plymouth port,
Where the Dutch fleet in perfect safety rides.
The city of Bristol has surrendered
To my lord Shrewsbury, and Sir John Guise.
Lord Danby has possess'd himself of York,
And forc'd the Catholics to quit the town.
Berwick and Nottingham have follow'd them.
The duke of Somerset and lord Oxford
Have lately join'd the standard of the prince.
The duke of Ormond enter'd Oxford town,

M

And,

And, in the hearing of the people, caus'd
 The prince's declaration to be read.
 To these disastrous tidings, I must add
 The important garrison of Hull is lost ;
 Your governour, lord Langley, is taken
 By colonel Copely, who surpriz'd the town.
 Thus hath my tale to four misfortune true,
 Breath'd nothing but accumulated loss.
 I do beseech your pardon, royal Sir,
 For mischiefs heap'd on mischiefs thus divulg'd.

King James.

Thou hast it ;—but away ! begone ! Too much
 Thou'st told. No screech owl e'er appall'd the mind
 With omens half so dreadful as thy own.

[Exit messenger.]

Enter another Messenger.

My liege, the prince of Orange is advanc'd
 To Salisbury. The earl of Feverham,
 After a skirmish with the prince's troops,
 Retir'd to Reading, where his army lies.

King James.

To Salisbury ! Why not to London then ?
 But here I may expect the victor soon.
 My chiefest towns given up ; my troops retir'd ;
 And disaffection wanton with success,
 Where are my hopes ? All melted into air,
 And unsubstantial as a nightly dream.

Enter

Enter a third Messenger.

The queen has sent me to your majesty—
The princess Ann is from her palace fled,
To join her husband, and the prince of Orange.

King James.

Ha! what sayst thou—madman—idiot—liar!
How dar'st thou shock our ears with such a tale?

Messenger.

Let me not feel your anger, royal Sir;
I have not brought a falsehood to your ear. [Exit.

King James.

O Heav'n, that made me what I am—a king!
Teach me to bear this more than royal woe.—
My daughter fled! and to an enemy!
Then is all trust dissolv'd, all faith destroy'd.
The dearest ties of nature are made void,
And kindred tenderness transform'd to guilt.
My daughter! O, I have no daughter sure!
Or, if I have, who can I now impeach?
Who deem a traitor, or a rebel now?
Since my own blood rebels against itself.
This rising tide of grief o'erwhelms my heart.
Well may a flood of sorrows press it down,
When I reflect I am no more a king.
If yet I bear the name!—why, what are names?
Will a mere sound restore the sick to health;
Give wisdom to the weak, regain lost power,
Or animate the fear-struck coward's heart?

M 2

O, no.

O no. Then what are vain and empty sounds?
 What are crown'd heads, without the regal power,
 But the mere glitt'ring pageants of a state?
 Tear off the regal trappings, and they are
 More pitiable than are the meanest clowns;
 For, born to govern, how can they obey?
 Become their subjects subjects, from their kings.
 Reflection down, thou lazy meddling fiend!
 Or, if thou wilt perforce intrude thyself,
 Tell me that France will lift his pow'rful arm,
 Restore my crown with undiminish'd power,
 And aid me to support the Church of Rome. *[Exit.]*

SCENE. AN APARTMENT.

Enter two Lords of King James's party.

First Lord.

Away, my lord; we must not tarry here.

Second Lord.

What should oblige us to withdraw from hence?

First Lord.

Know you not, that our sov'reign is no more?

Second Lord.

What mean you? Is the king deceas'd?

First Lord.

He breathes, he speaks, he moves, and therefore lives!

But

But all his regal powers are no more.
As the pale fires, which shine but in the night,
Are render'd viewless by the sun's bright beams,
So fared it it with our king. His rival prince
With steady, but with rapid pace came on ;
And, gathering splendour as he nearer drew,
Eclips'd the faint and glimmering star of James.

Second Lord.

Is the prince so near ?

First Lord.

This day will see him in the palace lodg'd,
Already quitting by the vanquish'd king.
The prince advanc'd to Windsor, and sent on,
Requesting, or commanding, 'tis the same,
His majesty should instantly retire.
All the king's guards were from their posts dismiss'd,
And 'round the palace gates the prince's plac'd.

Second Lord.

Where is the unhappy monarch now ?

First Lord.

Preparing to set out for Rochester.
The king was order'd to retire to Ham ;
But he preferring Rochester, the prince
Granted the powerless monarch his request.
His highness' guards escort him thither.

Second Lord.

Then farewell James! All's over with thee now.

Thou

Thou art unking'd indeed ; and never more
 Shall England's diadem surround thy brow.
 Come, let's away ; we must to France. [Exeunt.

SCENE. THE STREET.

*Shouting is heard. Huzza ! long live the Prince of Orange !
 No popish King ! No French plots ! Long live the Prince
 of Orange !*

People enter with orange ribands in their hats.

First Man.

Come along, my boys, the lord mayor and aldermen
 are at the palace-gate by this time. London never was so
 empty since 'twas London. I don't believe there is a liv-
 ing soul left in it, but a few brats squalling in cradles,
 and some poor old bed-ridden folks that can't stir. I be-
 lieve on my conscience, the very lions in the Tower
 would have got out, if they they could. But how's this,
 Bob ? where's your cockade, man ?

Second Man.

Zounds ! I came out in such a deuced haste, I hadn't
 time to get one. But I shall mount my colours for all
 that. I have cribb'd a piece of my wife's petticoat, and
 'tis like herself, a devilish good bit of stuff ; so on it goes.

*(Takes a piece of orange stuff out of his pocket, and puts
 it in his hat.)*

First

First Man.

Well done, my hearty fellow ; tho' 'tis pity you hadn't called at Mrs. Furbelow's, the milliner's ; Sir Samuel Dashwood bought up all the riband in her shop, on purpose to give away gratis. I wish we could get near enough to get a sight of the prince ; I have more than a month's mind to see him. If I could only get a peep at his nose, I should be contented ; and they say, God blefs him, that he has got one that would serve two moderate folks. Old Ferula, the deepest scholar in our parish, likens him to Julius Cæsar, who, he says, was just such another great man, and made his enemies run like a flock of sheep, or a flock of Frenchmen, 'tis all one. But then, says he, neighbour, mark me—, Cæsar conquer'd, to take away people's liberties ; and the prince of Orange, to restore them. So the prince of Orange for my money. Huzza ! huzza ! long live the prince of Orange ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

The Prince of Orange, Noblemen and Gentlemen.

Prince of Orange.

Blest be the auspicious day that crowns our hopes,
And brings your long lost liberties in view.
The cheerful voice of freedom hails the day,
And bids one universal shout of joy
Bear these transporting accents to the skies ;
England is free, and tyranny no more !

Lord Shrewsbury.

May your own bosom feel that solid joy
Your highness's success hath given to ours.
False fame is oft the prize of hardy deeds;
But virtue can alone confer the true.
The fairest wreath which fame bestows, is yours;
And liberty hath plac'd it on your brow.
May it bloom on, thro' all life's changeful scenes,
And memory immortalize the gift.

Enter Lords Devonshire, Dorset, and other Noblemen.

Lord Devonshire.

The British peers, who deeply felt that power
Which shook the sacred fabric of the state
Their brave forefathers rear'd in ages past,
On this event partake the general joy
Reviving liberty bestows on all;
And, with a pleasure equal to the cause,
We meet you highness on this happy spot.
You arm'd to save us from the worst of deaths,
That death in life, expired freedom brings.
Our sphere of action in this glorious scene
Allow'd us not to brave the martial field.
To cheer the drooping heart, arouse the mind,
And knit the sinews of your enterprize,
Within the circles of our several powers,
Hath been the duty Providence assign'd;
The which we have with vigilance perform'd.
Prosperous hath been the issue of our toils,
Which ended happily to those great ends

We've

We've early gain'd thro' your superiour aid,
For which the future must enlarge our thanks.

Prince of Orange.

My noble lords, this honour I receive,
As one whom Providence hath singled out
To act its high decrees; and happily
They are directed to the ends we wish;
The renovation of your liberties,
And the destruction of the Romish power.
What more the future calls me to perform,
That may enhance the welfare of this state,
May Heaven prosper as it hath the past.
Then should the approbation of your hearts,
As now, attend my well meant services;
Success will meet me in her brightest form,
And ev'ry toil and danger seem o'erpaid,

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council.

Lord Mayor.

The citizens of London, gracious Sir,
By me present their duty and their love;
And crave your kind acceptance of their thanks
For a deliverance far beyond their hopes.
Their hearts o'erflow with gratitude and joy;
Sensations which my own so deeply feels,
I cannot render justice to their thoughts.
My brethren and myself congratulate
Your highness on your safe arrival here;
And most sincerely pray, that bounteous Heav'n
May show'r its choicest blessings on your head.

N

Prince

Prince of Orange.

My good lord mayor, I am too poor in thanks
To you, and to your worthy brethren ;
But I have try'd to make my actions speak ;
And, be assur'd, they shall their tenour hold
While freedom and your safeties claim their care.
I feel and prize this welcome as I ought ;
And tell the citizens, my good lord mayor,
There's not one drop of blood flows thro' my veins,
But I would empty to preserve their rights. [Exeunt,

ACT V.

SCENE. THE PARK.

*Two Gentlemen.**First Gentleman.*

K NOW you the manner of the king's escape?

Second Gentleman.

His majesty withdrew from Rochester,
And in a frigate cross'd the sea to France.
I hear he reach'd the port of Ambleteuse,
And went immediately to St. Germain's.

First Gentleman.

Did none endeavour to prevent his flight?
For when he late attempted, in disguise,
To quit his kingdom, he was seiz'd, close watch'd,
And reconducted to the capital.

Second Gentleman.

Those round his person having no command
To hinder his disposal of himself,
He easily accomplish'd his design.

First Gentleman.

As fatal as this step will prove to him,

As happy will it prove to these freed realms.
 Tho' he, mistaken monarch, think he has trod
 The path that leads to vengeance on his foes,
 Too late he'll find, that England ne'er will yield
 Her sweet and late recover'd liberty,
 To aught that France can plot, or Frenchmen do.

Second Gentleman.

The great restorer of our liberty,
 Reason, methinks, would chuse for its preserver.
 Is there a better title to the crown?

First Gentleman.

A nearer claimant certainly exists,
 In the eldest princess, daughter to king James,
 And wife to the deliverer of this isle.
 Should both be crown'd; the prince, with those just
 powers,
 Which England's happy constitution gives:
 The princess, with the honour'd rank of queen,
 The rights of virtue, and the rights of blood,
 Will each their high and due distinctions have.

Second Gentleman.

Think you, if James were once again restor'd;
 He'd recommence the arbitrary sway,
 Which pull'd this weight of ruin on his head?

First Gentleman.

Tho' fallen from an amazing height of power,
 So low, he scarce can view the mighty steep
 From whence his headlong folly urg'd him down;

Those pois'nous maxims which the jesuits taught,
 And he so rashly labour'd to diffuse,
 Yet hold the full possession of his mind ;
 And were he once reseat'd on his throne,
 You'd find the monarch but a kingly monk ;
 His people slaves to him, and he to Rome.
 His flight to France reveals his inmost thoughts.
 He tries to vindicate himself by arms ;
 And by those arms which ever fear'd our strength,
 When guided by a great and patriot king.
 In what strong colours hath James drawn himself,
 By asking succour of his people's foes.
 What can the thinking mind infer but this ?
 Restor'd to regal pow'r, he wou'd let loose
 Those dæmons of revenge, the fiends of Rome ;
 With these, the sons of native cruelty,
 A Jefferies, a Kirk, for we have such ;
 What climate doth not rear some baleful weeds ?
 And as tyrannic pow'r must have a chief,
 Whose deeds transcend these lesser instruments ;
 Himself wou'd crush our liberties and faith,
 And stab his bleeding nation to the heart.

Second Gentleman.

Then who that loves his country, but must wish
 He ne'er may tread on English ground again ?

First Gentleman.

If rightly I presage, he never will.
 But let us hence, and learn if possible,
 The progress of the new form'd parliament.

SCENE.

SCENE. AN APARTMENT OF LADY AGNES.

Urfula.

Lord bless us! what a revolution is here? We are all over in a piteous taking. My dear lady sits, as Shakespeare says, like Patience on a tomb-stone, crying for grief. I am dying with the vapours; and that hussy, Bridget, does nothing but eat chalk and cinders. Nay, the very dumb creatures partake of our sorrows. Poor little Veny has been misconfolate ever since lady Lovepuppy carried away her Pompey; and the cat is perpetually washing her face in her own tears. 'Tis a miserable house to be sure, and that wicked colonel is the occasion of it all.—I wonder doctor Bolus is not come: But what signify doctors. They only feel one's pulse, and that is next to feeling nothing. I'm sure my lady i'nt a bit the better for them.

Enter Colonel Godfrey, disguised as an old and infirm Physician.

Colonel Godfrey.

Mrs. Urfula, I think.

Urfula.

Urfula, at your service, Sir.

Colonel Godfrey.

Good Mrs. Urfula, acquaint your lady, that (*coughs*) doctor Bolus is indisposed, and desired his intimate friend,

friend, doctor Curewell, to enquire after her ladyship's health.

[*Coughs.*

Ursula.

Be seated, doctor. I shall acquaint my lady. 'Twas very considerate of doctor Bolus. [*Aside.*] Lord, what did he mean by sending such a tiffy old fellow to visit my lady? I didn't think doctor Bolus had been such a blockhead.

[*Exit.*

Colonel Godfrey.

Alexander the Great, who obtained his diploma of Aristotle, and practised—but here comes my patient.

Enter Lady Agnes and Ursula.

I am sorry for your friend's indisposition, Sir. With respect to my own, it is really so slight at present, I think it scarce requires medical assistance.

[*They sit.*

Colonel Godfrey.

Slight as you think it, lady Agnes, it must not be neglected. (*Coughs.*) I shall endeavour to remove it, and flatter myself my advice will prove successful, and my prescriptions not unpleasant. (*Coughs.*) In your ladyship's case, I shall rely more on sympathy than medicine.

Ursula. Aside.

How ridiculous the old fool talks! What can sympathy do between an old fellow of three-score, and a girl of eighteen?

Colonel

Colonel Godfrey.

Your ladyship's hand. (*Seems to feel her pulse.*) It is a delicate pulse; and I think my own seems to beat in union with my lovely patient's.

Urfula. Aside.

His own! This old gentleman talks strangely;—I think he seems more inclined to make love, than prescribe.

Colonel Godfrey.

The present state of your ladyship's health—(*coughs.*)

Lady Agnes.

Seems better than your's, doctor. Your cough appears to be very troublesome.

Urfula.

Pray, doctor, let me fetch you some of my lady's pectoral lozenges.

Colonel Godfrey.

I thank you, Mrs. Urfula. (*Coughs.*) The lozenges by all means. [*Exit Urfula.*]

Colonel Godfrey.

I vow, I had almost forgot to deliver doctor Bolus's note. (*Gives a note.*) While you peruse it, my lady, I shall take a turn across the chamber. I always feel myself better after a turn or two.

(*While Lady Agnes reads, Colonel Godfrey steps behind her, and throws of his disguise.*)

Lady

Lady Agnes.

Is it possible?

(The Colonel comes forward, catches her in his arms, and kisses her.)

Colonel Godfrey.

Thus, ever let me prescribe for my charming lady Agnes!

Lady Agnes.

You are a dangerous physician, colonel; and your prescriptions rather tend to disorder the spirits, than compose them.

Enter Ursula.

[Shrieks.] O Gemini! is it you, colonel, that wanted pectoral lozenges? But, I suppose, you have already made free with some sweets that answer the purpose much better. I may carry back the lozenges.

Colonel Godfrey.

If you please, Mrs. Ursula.

[Exit Ursula.]

Lady Agnes.

I need not ask the reason of your disguise, colonel; I acknowledge I am not displeased with it, and frankly own, that I have not only been uneasy at your absence, but for the cause. Blame not my former adherence to papacy. You know it was the religion of my parents, consequently became my own. With an enthusiasm natural to young minds, and increased by my confessor, I warmly combated

O

your

your attachment to a contrary faith, which, I was taught to believe, endangered your spiritual safety. I assure you, my mind was so strongly prejudiced, I believed it necessary to convert, or banish you for ever. I have since ventured to think for myself. Rational conversation, and cool reflection, have convinced me of the liberality of the Protestant faith; and I shall henceforth adhere to a religion superiour to the narrow idea of confining salvation within the pale of its own church. I am, and shall ever continue, a thorough Protestant.

Colonel Godfrey.

Charming lady Agnes! I have listened with rapture and astonishment. Such cool, clear, and dispassionate reasoning on this topic, exceeds my most sanguine hopes. Thus, on my knees, let me intreat you to crown my wishes. The great obstacle to our wishes is remov'd, and I am impatient to call you mine. O, name the day that will put me in possession of that felicity, which I have so long and ardently panted to obtain.

Lady Agnes.

I will not unnecessarily retard an union you deem, and may it prove essential to your happiness. Name your own day, colonel.

Colonel Godfrey.

First, let these charming lips receive the warm impression of a lover's thanks. (*Kisses.*) Permit me to give you the air this morning. My carriage waits; and an hour or two may be well employ'd in concerting the speediest method of adjusting the previous ceremonials.

When

When beauty, sweetness, and good sense unite,
 And mutual love prepares the nuptial feast,
 Who would not urge the flow-wing'd flight of Time,
 The lengthen'd hours to rapid moments change ;
 Or bid soft fancy-painting sleep descend
 In visionary transports steep the soul,
 Till waking and substantial joys succeed ? [Exeunt.

SCENE. AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

*The Prince of Orange, Lord Shrewsbury, and other
 Noblemen.*

Prince of Orange.

Your present national debate, my lords,
 Of course affects myself, as one who hath,
 And may again be call'd to aid the state,
 Whose welfare is the object of his cares.
 Would you could hold a mirror to this breast,
 In which each rising thought might be discern'd ;
 Then would you view a heart intent alone
 On what may benefit the public weal.
 I have, in silence, waited the result
 Of that high council, whose uniting thoughts
 Must build the future fabric of the state,
 Lest slander should unjustly charge my fame
 With influence us'd to gain a selfish end.

Lord Shrewsbury.

Slander delights to attack the greatest minds.
 An ugly, foul, misshapen hag she is,

Hideous of aspect, of envenom'd breath,
 And ever agoniz'd at sight of goodness.
 No rest or ease, the baleful mischief knows,
 Till she hath soil'd the pure white robes of truth,
 And seemingly transform'd fair Virtue's shape
 Into a carcase hideous as her own.
 Your highness hath the fell inchantress shunn'd,
 At that nice moment when her pow'r rose high,
 And wou'd have breath'd its venom on yourself,
 Her pow'r to harm is past, and ev'ry act
 Of yours that may concern the state, or us,
 Shall unpolluted and unstain'd appear.

Prince of Orange.

Then hear my inmost sentiments, my lords.
 Reason will not allow me to accept
 Of aught unsolid and unpermanent.
 Think not the golden circlet which surrounds
 The brow of majesty, can charm my soul.
 No, my good lords, I could retire content,
 And in the service of my native state,
 Fill up, well pleas'd, the life which Heav'n assigns.
 But if your government demand a crown,
 And I am planted at the ruling helm,
 'Tis evident, that if you would preserve
 The constitution, which we've try'd to save,
 With the just balance of its several pow'rs,
 A regal pow'r and title must be mine.
 Less, would pernicious and enfeebling prove;
 And ev'ry wrong or weakness that arose
 From the mal-conformation of the state,

Wou'd

Wou'd be attributed to my misrule,
And fix a lasting odium on my name.

Lord Shrewsbury.

These sentiments are worthy of a prince
Whose soul disdains corruptive arts of sway,
And cannot form one base ignoble thought,
Tho' 'twere to gain possession of a crown.
But England cannot be ungrateful, Sir ;
That were to spurn the freedom which she fought,
And court the slavery she lately shunn'd.
She will not under-rate your highness' worth,
Or slight those virtues which preserv'd the state.
She will not offer aught beneath your dignity.

Prince of Orange.

Should England's diadem be mine, my lords,
I'd wear it to support, not sap, your liberties ;
Not as the symbol of despotic pow'r ;
Nor as a glitt'ring bauble on my brow. [Exeunt.

SCENE. A CONVENTION OF THE LORDS AND
COMMONS ARISE AS FROM DEBATE.

Speaker.

Thus terminate our subjects of debate.
We are agreed, my lords and gentlemen,
That, by the abdication of the king,
The throne is vacant. Next, that lawful power
Resides with us, to offer Britain's crown
To that exalted personage, whose aid

Hath our religion, laws, and liberties,
 From swift inevitable ruin sav'd.
 And, as the faithful consort of the prince
 From royal lineage springs, it is approv'd
 They both shall share the regal dignity ;
 The power invested solely in the prince,
 Whom virtue, valour, wisdom, all declare,
 Form'd and matur'd to rule the helm of state.
 This, the result of cool deliberate thought,
 Of free debate, of mutual accord,
 We shall deliver to their highnesses,
 And make a solemn tender of the crown,
 With all its just and equitable powers,
 To our deliverer, the prince of Orange.
 This business must not suffer by delay.
 Procrastination doth but squander time ;
 Borrows its minutes, hours, days, and weeks,
 Until the sum doth swell to such amount,
 Life's capital can scarce repay the debt.
 What is mere folly in a thoughtless brain,
 In public minds becomes a serious vice.
 When millions wait the issue of debate,
 On which a nation's happiness depends,
 Procrastination is a crime indeed. [Exeunt.

SCENE. AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

Two Ladies of the Bed-chamber.

First Lady.

In happy time the princess hath arriv'd.

Second

Second Lady.

Happy indeed, to be declar'd a queen.

First Lady.

Her highness might perhaps have solely reign'd,
But she hath shewn a most exalted mind ;
Tho' secretly assur'd, that interest
Shou'd be exerted to obtain the crown
And government for her alone, nobly
She rose superiour to intrigue, and shunn'd the thought.

Second Lady.

Well, call such self-denial what you please,
And praise it to the skies, 'twou'd not been mine.
I prize dear pow'r too much, t'have given it up
Ev'n to a prince and husband whom I lov'd.

First Lady.

Altho' I cannot imitate, I must admire
A conduct so superior in our sex.
She comes.

Let us congratulate our future queen.

(Enter the Princess of Orange.)

Your highnesses most faithful servants with,
That happiness, too oft at variance with crowns,
May to the latest hour of life be yours.

Princess of Orange.

I thank you cordially, my friends.

Second.

Second Lady.

I pray you, madam, pardon me my thoughts.
 I can but wonder that you should decline
 The pow'r supreme, which might have been your own.

Princess of Orange.

Affairs of state should rest upon the prince,
 Who, from his youth, innur'd to public toils,
 Can best support the vast and weighty load,
 Which, at this crisis, he must needs endure:
 For he will find some lurking discontents,
 Some jesuit minds ev'n at his palace gates;
 And, 'tis not doubted, France will take up arms.
 Her proud, vain-glorious king would gladly rate
 This island as a tributary state;
 And to the provinces he is sworn foe.
 These turbulent unsettled times demand
 A firm undaunted spirit to preside;
 And such I know the prince of Orange is;
 I therefore shall be well content to share
 The dignity, without the power, of England's crown.

First Lady.

We shou'd remind your highness, to consult
 What articles of dress will best besuit
 The approaching and august solemnity.

Princess of Orange.

Be that your care. Select my ornaments,
 Adjust my toilet as your fancy leads.
 I am not nice, or studious in my choice,

Provided

Provided that my drefs th' occasion fuits,
 It fuits me well. Affort it as you please.
 The greateft ornament I have to boaft,
 Plac'd at my fide, will wear the British crown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. THE STREET.

Cornufex and Plainwell.

Cornufex.

O, that I had never turn'd Papift! What fhall I do, neighbour? I, that expected to be made a knight, and hear myfelf call'd Sir Ephraim Cornufex, knight and baronet, take place of Wealthy, the rich banker, and be confidered the greateft of all great men; I—I fhall now be hisfed, pelted at for a Roman Catholic knave, and get my windows broke into the bargain. For Heaven's fake, neighbour Plainwell, tell me how I fhall get out of this terrible fcrape.

Plainwell.

How!—why, by renouncing Popery. Throw your beads on the fire, man; and go to church like an honeft citizen and a good Proteftant.

Cornufex.

I'll do it; thank you neighbour, thank you. I'll burn all the beads, crucifixes, and miffals I can lay my hands on. I have a paring of St. Benedict's toe-nail, a whifp of St. Gregory's beard, and fifty odd relicks ready for facrifice. I fhall fave nothing but a bit of confecrated wood,

P

which

which one of my ignorant blockheads converted into a tobacco-stopper.

Plainwell.

Bravo! neighbour Cornufex; this will do.

Cornufex.

Will it, think you? Then, zounds, and fire and fury! I wont stop here;—I'll illuminate my house so that every window shall seem a constellation, with the moon shining in the center; and because I have an aversion to horns, it shall be a full one. Then, at a proper magisterial height, I'll have, Long live King William in such blazing capitals, they shall dazzle every beholder. Zounds! I'll burn the pope in effigy, and the devil shall thrust him into the fire! and if that is not sufficient, I'll burn my wife into the bargain, for bringing me into such a cursed premunire. O, I abhor, detest, and renounce Popery from my soul. It may be the road to purgatory, but I am sure it is not to knight-hood.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE. WHITEHALL.

The Prince and Princess of Orange, seated on Chairs of State.

Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen in full Assembly.

Marquis of Halifax.

The great and glorious deliverance
From tyranny and Romish influence,

Which,

Which, under Heav'n, we to your highness owe,
The grateful nation hastens to repay,
And wou'd bestow a rich, heart-offer'd gift,
Equal to that posterity shall feel
Thro'out these realms in ages yet to come ;
For ev'ry future father of this age,
Shall give his children freedom at their birth,
They to their sons, their offspring to the next,
And, like a pure uninterrupted stream,
Shall liberty flow on to latest time,
From you, its princely source and fountain head.
As the defender of our Churchess faith,
The nation holds you dearest in esteem,
And offers you with joy the British crown ;
Assured that those patriot principles
Which led you to restore a people's rights,
Will ever prove their best security.
Your faithful consort, so the nation wills,
Ascends the throne, partakes your dignity ;
And, from this hour, we do allegiance swear
To William, king of England ; Mary, queen,
Long may ye live to enjoy your people's love,
And reign the happy sov'reigns of these realms !

King William.

A greater trust, my lords and gentlemen,
You cannot offer us, or we accept.
It is a pleasing and a grateful proof
Of confidence in our integrity.
A confidence we ever shall esteem
The richest jewel of the British crown,
Which, thus presented in the people's name,

We

We highly value, thankfully accept.
 As the preserv'd of your dearest rights,
 Was the sole purpose of my enterprize;
 So, to the latest moment of my life,
 I shall endeavour to support them all.
 Whatever future wisdom shall suggest
 That may prove beneficial to the state,
 We shall adopt. For sov'reignty we hold
 But as a means by which we hope to raise
 The British nation to that glorious height
 To which it seems by Providence design'd.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

NEW to the stage, our author ventur'd forth,
To prove his merit, or his want of worth ;
He claim'd by right, our pow'rs t'assist his own,
Since both are here requir'd to please the town.
With us indeed, remain'd the aid he sought ;
Here, speech and action are the nerves of thought.
And ours, we hope to Nature's dictates true,
Display'd the many-featur'd life he drew.
Whether the bard pourtray'd a bigot's rage,
Or his heroic patriots fill'd the stage ?
Whether his lively, amourous GODFREY shone,
Or FLAM magnanimously ventured on ;
Whate'er he wish'd us to appear, we've been,
And lost the actor in the living scene.
If, like another Icarus, he tries,
On melting wings to explore the fiercest skies ;
Let your kind thoughts, like stronger plumes, sustain
His bold attempt, and bid him soar again.
For no sage guardian whisper'd in his ear,
The course his unexperienc'd muse shou'd steer.
Untaught, he wing'd his way, tow'rs Freedom's feat,
And may have wander'd e'er he reach'd the height.
But shou'd his errours, as some do, delight,
Applaud his REVOLUTION of to-night.